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ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

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FRANCES STARR

Among the good things which the new season brings is the revival of Eugene Walter's drama, "The Easiest Way," with Miss Starr, of course, in her original rôle of the unfortunate heroine

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

A Periodical Devoted to the Best Interests of the Stage

VOLUME XXXIV NUMBER 247

October, 1921

MUCH fuss and fury was recently aroused in opposition to the new State law providing for the establishment of a Censorship over moving pictures. Governor Miller, ignoring frenzied appeals from interested quarters, signed the bill and appointed the censors—three in number—and from now on, no picture which does not have their endorsement can be legally exhibited within the sovereign State of New York. I, for one, fail to see that the new law will work the harm that its opponents claim. Prove to me that a really worth while picture has been suppressed and I may begin to see a new light. But I am from Missouri. I have to be shown. In any case the movie men have only themselves to blame. They have lost sight of their great moral responsibility in catering and being permitted to cater to a public of "fans" which has as one of its indivisible factions a vast element of the youthful, the immature and the defective, all highly impressionable to optical influences, and the last, at least, not infrequently criminally inclined. Consideration of this large class in preparing motion picture entertainment to be put before it must be, and should have been, made by the producers. Their failure so to do is, in part, a major *casus belli* of the censorship adherents. In other words, if the producers had kept their pictures respectable no one would have dreamed of interfering with them. But certain conscienceless film manufacturers, greedy for extra profits, caring nothing about corrupting the morals of the community, emptied their filth upon the screen, and, because of these unprincipled, short-sighted speculators, the more reputable producers find themselves shackled.

NOW a bill is before Congress which calls for a Federal censorship of the legitimate theatre. This proposed new law concerns us more closely, yet I am far from sharing the alarm of my theatrical colleagues who profess to see in it a deadly menace to the growth of the American theatre. The cause which led to the drafting and introduction of this bill was, of course, identical with that which brought about the movie censorship. Unscrupulous managers, greedy for profit, have disgraced the stage with prurient exhibitions, appealing only to the most vicious instincts, stopping at no vulgarity, no obscenity, to gather in the nimble dollar. It is easy to say, as do many, that those who object to such shows can stay away from them. That is a dishonest evasion of the point. The same argument may be, and has been, made about whiskey drinking. It is not the adult man or woman that organized society seeks to protect. It is the growing generation, the young man and the young girl, just out of school, seeing life for the first time. The morals of these adolescents—none too firmly secured—are easily undermined. What respect can they have for the decent conventions of life when they hear salacious lines and see disgusting situations in apparently respectable theatres, all without protest or interference from the constituted authorities?

IF THE proposed law merely helped to put an end to this nuisance, which all true lovers of the theatre deplore, censorship would not be unwelcome. I fail to see how it could hurt any decent effort or work harm to the legitimate aims of the drama. Does the honest man dread the policeman? Are you afraid of being frisked by a detective for suspected violation of the Volstead act, when you know your hip pocket is innocent of the forbidden beverage? The English theatre has always been subject to the Government censor. Has it prevented Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, Sir James M. Barrie, Henry Arthur Jones, John Drinkwater, St. John Ervine and other famous British dramatists from giving the world the best fruits of their genius? Can there be named a single play, the worth of which was later proved, that was killed or smothered in infancy by an unsympathetic censorship?

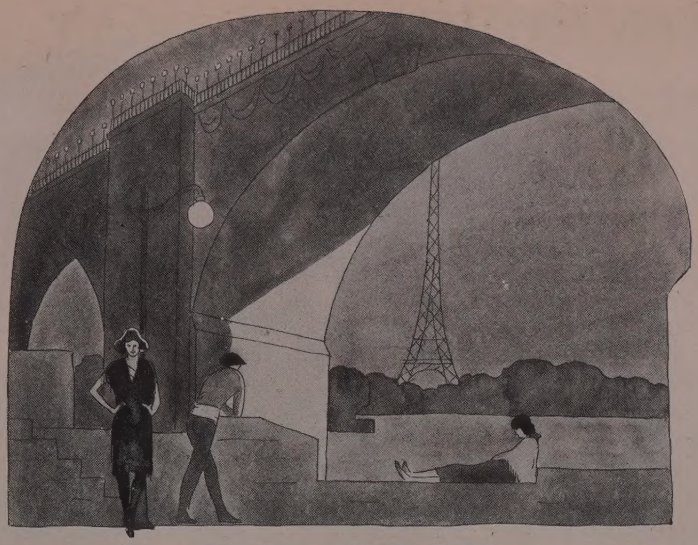
THERE are, of course, serious objections to any kind of a censorship. It is a question, indeed, if the objections do not outweigh the advantages. Unless the censor be a man of broad, catholic views, cultured, well read, in close and sympathetic touch with the sociological problems and philosophical thought of his time, he is only too apt to prove a blundering, fussy, meddlesome person whose chief activities would be to annoy, vex and harass author and producer. A censor of this kind would put a serious handicap on the literary and dramatic output and likely prove a serious obstacle to the development of the American theatre. The ideal censor would be difficult, if not impossible, to find. That, if found, his decisions would please everybody is unthinkable. Under our system of government it would necessarily be a political appointment, probably hastily and carelessly made without proper regard for the special fitness of the person selected for the position.

Yet it cannot be consistently argued that a censorship of the theatre or of literature is unAmerican or antagonistic to the ideals and aspirations of a free country. If the Government has the moral and legal right to decide what liquid refreshments we may or may not put into our stomachs, it logically follows that the Government has also the right to determine what plays and books our brains shall feed upon.

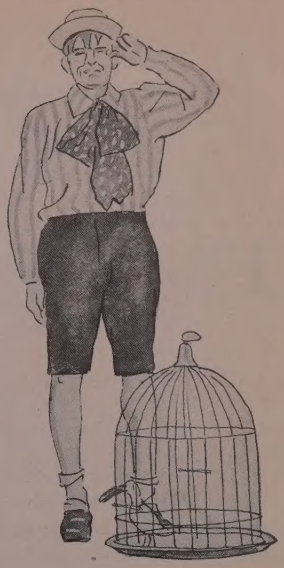
Let us be logical. The exercise of logic is as necessary to one's peace of mind as a sense of humor.

ARTHUR HORNBLOW

W. C. FIELDS
Who would recognize the famous juggler, masquerading in the sable habiliments and white choker of a country parson?

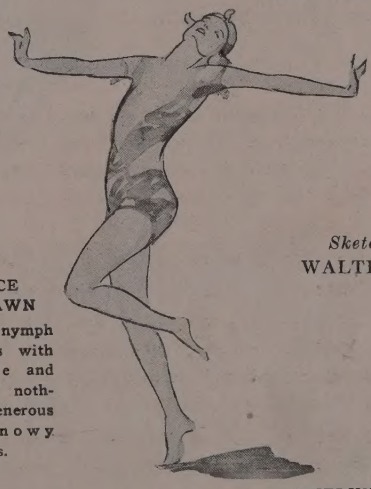


THE BRIDGE ON THE SEINE
Mr. Ziegfeld is not too preoccupied with feminine pulchritude to overlook the grim aspects of life. The sordid realism of this Apache scene thrills as well as entertains. Fannie Brice pays her respect to tragedy in the song, *My Man*.



RAYMOND HITCHCOCK
Comic generalissimo of the Follies forces, who uncorks a plentiful supply of prohibition jokes, eked out by occasional resort to the slapstick.

GERMAINE MITTI and M. TILLIO
Sensational acrobatic dancers from Paris who keep one's spinal chord pleasantly a-tingle as long as they are on the stage.

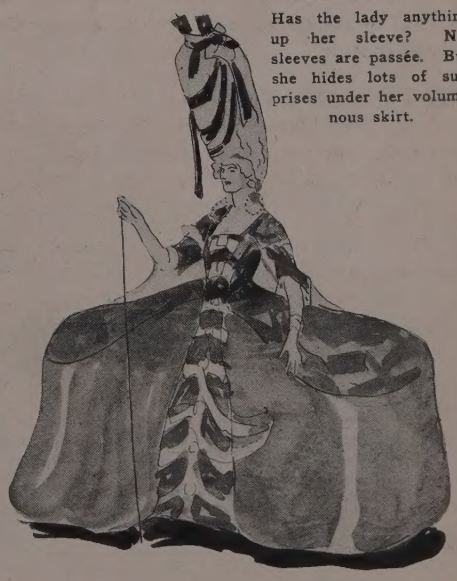


FLORENCE O'DENISHAWN
An elongated nymph who dances with sylvan grace and spirit—to say nothing of a generous display of snowy epidermis.

Sketches by
WALTER COLE

MME. LA DUCHESSE OF SOMETHING
No, we haven't forgotten the girls. How could we? After all, they're the best part of the show. A sample.

LIONEL, ETHEL AND JACK
Considering the vogue of the thrice famous Barrymore family, impersonated here by W. C. Fields, Fannie Brice and Raymond Hitchcock, no modern revue is complete without its quip at their expense.



EVELYN CAMPBELL
Has the lady anything up her sleeve? No, sleeves are passée. But she hides lots of surprises under her voluminous skirt.

At The Ziegfeld Follies

Various Entertainers in the Big Show as Seen by the THEATRE MAGAZINE'S Artist

HOW TO WRITE A PLAY

Avery Hopwood, author of countless Broadway successes, explains how he turns the trick

By JOHN VAN DOREN

TELL the representative of the THEATRE MAGAZINE he can come up if he promises not to ask for a Message to the Great American People on the subject of the Stage in Our Country."

Avery Hopwood didn't send that message down, but I can very well imagine his doing it. If he had, I should have replied something to the effect,

"Tell Mr. Hopwood he need have no fear. If he gave me such a message I'd probably forget it. What I came to find out is how your boss found the combination to Broadway's safe. How he can keep on turning out "Fair and Warmers," "Gold Diggerses," "Bats" and "Ladies' Nights." I have come, despite the heat, to ascertain how he turns a trick that every other dramatist is envying him.

All of which not having happened may seem, in a sense, piffle to the realists. Truckling to whom, I'll drop a word as to what really happened, something rarely found in any interview.

Avery Hopwood, potentate of playwrights, lives, as is quite seemly, a stage whisper from Fifth Avenue. A nice old, brownstone house, wholly respectable and un-Greenwich Villagy. Across the way is a large white marble edifice said to harbor art objects; all around it green park blistering under the mid-summer sun.

A DUENNA of sorts, a middle aged Pollyanna, a Yankee concierge (all one person) sat on the stoop and eyed me doubtfully.

"Mr. Hopwood ain't in." says she, "He ain't never in until 5.30. (It then being 6). He's busy renursin'. Besides, he got some friend just come from Europe he's dinin' out with. So he won't be home at all until late. Still you might try if you don't believe me."

I believed her, but I tried anyway. Just for good luck. Perhaps it's just as well because Mr. Hopwood answered the doorbell and shouted down a fairly cheerful "C' mon up!" Far more cheerful than I should have shouted under like circumstances, considering the heat and considering that interviews are one of those pestilential performances that are tied to fame and can't be shaken off.

I climbed up. Mr. Hopwood greeted me, garbed in a flowing thing that suggested, in general, a fête in honor of the Mikado. He led me pleasantly into his apartment, a comfortable, booky place, strewn with art objects. A journey's-end, inviting sort of place, vivid in spots with colors of the Orient.

"How do you do it?" I said, "How do you write 'em? How do you continue to put 'em across?. The THEATRE MAGAZINE has a large circulation and we understand that all but three of its subscribers want to write a play. They want to know how."

The author of a play which has run for ninety consecutive weeks on Broadway curled up into the opulent corner of a vast divan.

"It's really very easy," he said, "I don't see why so many plays are written that are never produced. All of mine are produced. Oh, I had a little trouble with the first one. Took me two years to write, and so forth, and then I had to peddle six copies of it simultaneously and hound the managers to death. There weren't enough Indians in the piece to make a hit with the office-boys. It was a drayma, a heavy drayma, in which almost all the characters did a lot of impossible things. I regard the whole thing now with a hostile eye. Still, Clayton Hamilton thinks it's the best thing I've done. 'This Man and That Woman,' it was called. It taught me what to avoid and bought me food for about three weeks."

WHAT do you avoid?"

"Not giving an audience a full evening's entertainment. Make 'em laugh, make 'em weep,—but make 'em do *something*. Give them a real money's worth. I know what I can do and what I can't. So I do what I *can* with all my might. My forte, if I have any, is the writing of dialogue—comedy dialogue. I'm lucky in that respect,—so I try to profit by it. I avoid the heavy, the philosophical, the tedious. I avoid characters whom one would not care particularly to meet or know off-stage. I avoid themes that aren't within the range or possible scope of our own every-day experiences or understanding."

I hesitated before asking my next question. After all, with authors who have achieved marked distinction, one must be chary of trampling on professional dignities. But a glance into the pale, humorous blue eyes of the man on the divan gave me courage. I have interviewed 117 celebrities, not counting a violinist and two boy chess marvels, but never have I found my subject so open to investigation, so wholly frank and unguilty of posturing, so *laissez-faire,* so devoid of taking himself too seriously. I went ahead.

"Is yours the technique of writing for Broadway?"

Mr. Hopwood smiled.

I SUPPOSE, in a sense, it is. I admit I do write for Broadway, to please Broadway. I want my plays to be successes. I hate failure, and, to my thinking, any play, however remarkable, is a *failure* if it plays to empty benches around Times Square. There may be a field for book-drama, literary drama —for the high-brows and for them only, but that isn't my drama. Mine's the theatre of the show-world, and I've the perhaps queer idea that playwrights who have counted have been primarily showmen. They have written with their public in mind every second. One can do fine stuff I think while doing that. "Liliom" is an example in point. It's jammed full of 'what the peepul want,' it's corking entertainment and your full money's worth from the time the curtain rises on the noisy merry-go-round scene that awakens the child circus-love in everybody out front. If a young writer wants to be produced and wants to make money writing for the stage he must adopt what you style 'Broadway technique.' And doing it doesn't necessarily include a, heaven save the mark! prostitution of his art!"

I noticed a fat, black note-book lazying on a desk near.

"Part of your system?" I murmured, nodding at it.

"Part?" he ejaculated, "It's practically the whole of it! It's my all-in-all, my Webster, my Baedeker, my family Bible. Into it goes every idea or notion that happens to seep into my poor old head. All my plays have come out of it. When Mr. Belasco asked me for a play not long ago I took that little book down to his office and read him a few pages. He picked on the Gold-Diggers idea —I had jotted it there two years before— just a little notation of something told me by a friend of mine to the effect that a certain class of chorus girls who had a fine knack of plucking their gentlemen friends without giving anything in return called themselves 'gold-diggers.' From that came the play I did for Mr. Belasco. No author should be without one. It's the great incubator of thought!"

"Tell me about 'The Gold Diggers.' How did you do it?"

MR. HOPWOOD peered reminiscently towards the ceiling.

"It's was something of a job!" He counted time on his fingers. "Took me just five weeks to plan out the story after Mr. Belasco had approved the hazy idea. No cinch to put a girl into that circle, keep sympathy for her, keep her clean, get her 'a good man in marriage' at the end and still let the thing be a fairly true picture of that life. I worked myself woozy over that scenario—I always do a detailed scenario of the action and recommend it highly as a time-saver and a better-play maker. To obviate the obvious and keep away from the usual pure-young-chorus-girl-loved-by-millionaire-whose-folks-object was largely a matter of elimination. Hence that theme entered the background and provided the material for the real plot which was the endeavor by the heroine to help overcome such opposition, not against herself but against a little friend of hers. The opposition then naturally assumed the shape of a male who would become interested in the heroine herself, quite unintentionally, thereby seriously seeming to upset their little plans. The male couldn't be the young millionaire-lover's father, that would make him too old as a lover-

(*Continued on page* 276)

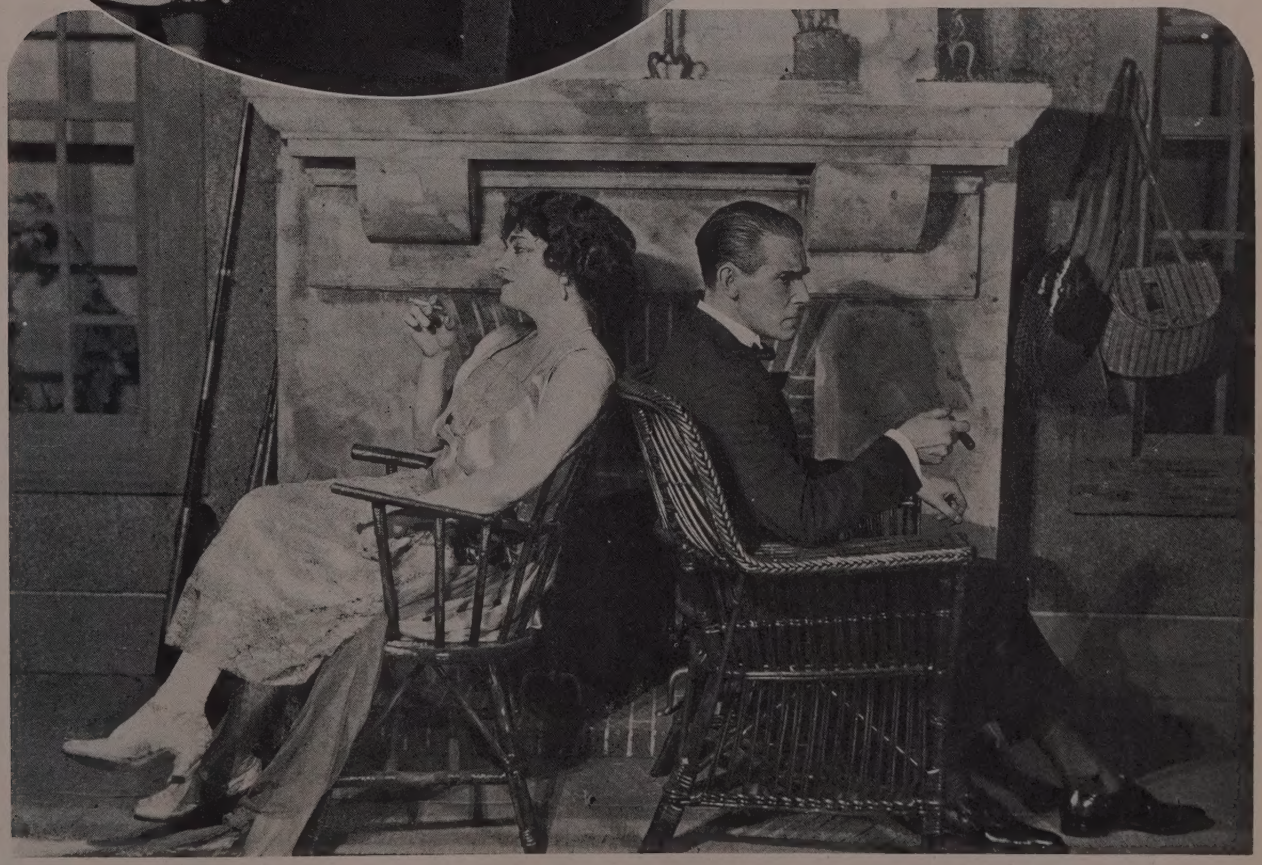
JULIA SANDERSON and JACK HAZZARD in "TANGERINE"

"Why of course men should work for a living, and women to be chic should live on alimony." Such is the gospel that this extremely modern young feminist is expounding to King Home Brew of Tangerine, a remote South Sea Island as yet untouched by modern conveniences such as the divorce court

(Below)

MARGUERITE SYLVA and ERIC MAXON in "THE SKYLARK"

When a worldly and attractive bachelor meets a worldly and attractive widow the fur flies, you may be sure. And—because this happens on the stage of the Belmont Theatre, it all ends with a wedding. At the moment this picture was taken, the two chief personages of the play had quarrelled, but not seriously enough for either to desert the hearth



SATIRE RULES IN SEASON'S FIRST PLAYS

PASSING the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre the other day, girlish laughter made me turn quickly. I had heard that musical laugh before, and yet, when I saw the well-poised, perfectly-gowned young woman who was still smiling at some sally of her companion, she was a stranger to me. Only for a moment, however. Then I remembered. Some few years ago I was making a trip from New York to Pittsburgh. In the same chair car was a group of theatrical people who were to play Pittsburgh the ensuing week. Some of them I recognized—W. J. Ferguson, Mary Shaw and one or two others. These remained soberly in their seats, but there was a very pretty young girl, of the "sub-deb" type, in short skirts, whose kinky brown hair hung down her back in a braid, whose eyes sparkled with the joy of youth in novel surroundings, who was ready to laugh at anything and who simply could not sit still. If ever there was a kid out for a lark, it was this pretty girl with the infectious laugh and busy tongue. That she was the pet of the company was apparent. It may have been her first season—I don't know. In fact I didn't know anything about her till the next evening, when I saw her play the sad, persecuted heroine in a melodrama called "The Deep Purple," and the program said her name was Violet Heming. Well, she puts up her hair now, and if her skirts are still short that is only in obedience to the vogue and here she is on Broadway, a seasoned leading woman in "Sonya." But if she is no longer a kid, thanks be she still has her catchy kiddish laugh.

A MEMBER of the Lambs, commenting on the startling living portrait of David Belasco achieved by Brandon Tynan at a recent Lambs' Gambol, went on laughingly: "Brandon always has been thorough in his stage work. I was in a stock company with him in the days before he was so well known on Broadway, and we put on a drama—I think it was 'The Last Card,' but am not sure—in one scene of which a young man was supposed to have fallen into a river and comes out soaking wet. Brandon had the part. He wore a long oilskin coat which glistened with water. That was easy, for the coat was waterproof. But the scene required his hair to be wet, too, hanging stringily over his brow. Instead of using vaseline to give the effect, which he might have easily have done, young Tynan ducked his head into a wash-bowl and came on with real water streaming from his hair and down his face. He was probably the dampest comedian who ever walked out on that stage. It was realistic and the audience appreciated it. But it happened to be in the middle of an exceptionally cold winter, the mercury registering four degrees below zero that night, and Brandon narrowly escaped pneumonia. He was game, however, and though his voice was nearly gone the next day, he declared hoarsely that only the positive orders of the stage-manager compelled him to use vaseline for the rest of the week. 'The script calls for water,' he insisted, 'and, as an artist, I have no right to use vaseline or any other imitation.' That's Brandon to this day," was the way the Lambs man ended the yarn.

IF THERE is any one who believes that George M. Cohan will find the ownership of a baseball club compensate him for the giving up of the fun he has always found in the theatre, the person who so believes is not known on Broadway—to say nothing of George's colossal theatrical profits in the last two decades. As a matter of fact, the odds are a hundred-to-one in Times Square, with no takers, that Mr. Cohan will be up to his talented ears in rehearsals and other work of producing before the winter is over. He has breathed the air of the theatre too long to exist comfortably in any other atmosphere. Besides, the theatre can't spare him, and Broadway cries for him. He can't desert the great white street he has made his own. It would be cruelty to his offspring. And as for the theatre, the A. E. A. and P. M. A. will surely join hands in welcoming him back, and he can have it "open" or "closed," just as he likes. If this is not the general sentiment, it is pretty near it.

TWO serious actors, talking at the corner at Forty-third Street and Broadway, agreed that "Art is long." They were referring to William H. Hurlbut, the playwright, who has to remove his hat as he enters the average stage-door. By the way, Hurlbut has done it again. He has written a comedy for Marie Doro, entitled "Lillies of the Field." Miss Doro is another of the film stars who, in the breeze raised by the shake-up in the studios, has been wafted back to the speaking stage.

NOT only is New York the centre of the theatrical profession in the United States so far as the business end is concerned, but also so far as the social end is concerned. The leading players are engaged in New York, and a Broadway production invariably precedes a tour of the country. Therefore, it is only natural that the great favorites should establish residences in the metropolis, to be occupied before and after the trials and tribulations of "the road," with its one-week or even one-night stands. Mr. William A. Brady and his wife, known professionally as Grace George, have long occupied a handsome abode on Riverside Drive, while Lou Tellegen and his wife, Geraldine Farrar, have entertained lavishly in their residence in the West Seventies. Mae Murray, the movie star, and her director-husband, Robert Z. Leonard, live in a luxurious apartment in the Hotel Des Artistes, while Jeanne Eagles has occupied an equally luxurious apartment on West Fifty-seventh Street. Leonore Harris, who returned to the stage in "The Tyranny of Love," is one of the few actresses to have a flat on Fifth Avenue, near the Plaza, while Kenneth Hill is one of the few actors to have an apartment on the same thoroughfare, near Washington Square. Amelia Bingham's residence on Riverside Drive is still one of the sights of the city, with its statues and flower-pots, while John Barrymore's *pied-à-terre* in Greenwich Village is highly picturesque. For many years William Faversham and his wife, the late Julie Opp, lived in Stuyvesant Square, while Grant Mitchell keeps bachelor-hall in the East Sixties with Emery Pottle, the playwright. A generation ago Lily Langtry occupied a red-brick mansion on West Twenty-third Street, near Ninth Avenue, the house still standing, although the neighborhood has changed entirely.

CRAP SHOOTIN'" has taken a firm hold of a certain lively portion of the community and many people in "the show business" have caught the fever. The pastime is indulged in while vaudeville performers are waiting their turn and by legitimate actors who have time to spare. But musical-comedy companies seem to be the favorite meeting places for the crap shooters, and comedians and soubrettes have been known to miss their cues and cause stage waits because of the "come seven, come eleven" fascination. Stately showgirls, whose duty is to look like queens, will crouch on their haunches and "rattle the bones" with members of the pony ballet, sometimes walking off with large profits. All sorts of nicknames have been invented for the game, such as "African golf" and "galloping dominoes."

SOME people of the theatre have ambitions apart from the art they follow professionally. For instance, there's Eva Le Gallienne who is studying Russian, so that she can read the masterpieces in the original; and Margaret

Severn, who besides dancing and creating a Benda masque vogue, paints her own pictures and is her own model; and Glen Anders, the popular comedian of "Scrambled Wives" who is now in his second year of attendance at Columbia University.

PEPTONIZATION" of middle aged "stars" is one of the miracles of the theatre. They return to us each season with a renewed light that even the new generation receives as if they were really young. Chief among the elderly ladies and gentlemen who have drunk deep of the elixir we envy, is Mrs Leslie Carter, who returns to us in dramatic splendor. Large audiences will see her for the first time, scarcely realizing that she is making a reappearance in America after an absence of many years. Few will notice that she is past fifty, for she has reached what the beauty scientists call the "Permanent wave" in women who have emotional resiliency. She has the "pep" of the autumn woman, the golden season of her life seems the best of all.

THE process of "peptonization" is also apparent in Mrs. Fiske who, year after year, persists in the artistic passion, advancing a step nearer each time to certain ideals of her stage consciousness. She betrays only the middle age that grows young in spirit. Blanche Bates, who seemed to have reached the zenith of her power in that now ancient spectacle, "The Darling of the Gods," has returned with a new and exceedingly modern formula of youth in "The Famous Mrs. Fair." Again, if Julia Marlowe has really retired from the stage it is not for lack of "peptins," for she is the reigning "Katherine," and "Rosalind" of the new generation as she was of the old one. Of course, there comes to mind the regret that Mary Anderson ever retired, for today she would be an actress of "peptonized" distinction. There is Zelda Sears, now merging into the field of type-written plays with Margare Mayo, both in their way "peptonized" for functions of entertainment. And there is Viola Allen, and Eleanor Robson, and—well the list is much longer, but, as here set down, long enough to fasten the fact that there is no effort to remain young for actresses who have solved the secret of "peptonization."

CERTAIN persons have asserted, and certain others have approved, that actors when deprived of the prepared phrases of the playwright and dependent upon their own initiative, are incapable of expressing ideas or arousing enthusiasm. This may be true in some cases, as is only to be expected, but, on the other hand, many actors are brilliant talkers, even when suddenly called upon for impromptu remarks. To mention a few out of many, John Drew, Otis Skinner, Henry Miller, DeWolf Hopper, Raymond Hitchcock, Ed Wynn and Wilton Lackaye are unusually eloquent, the last-named being almost as famous for his talents as a speech-maker as for his distinction as a player. Louis Mann has a remarkable vocabulary, almost too remarkable for the average person, and George M. Cohan can always be relied upon to express himself forcefully—in the vernacular. Among the women, Mary Shaw and Julia Arthur are fine speakers, although Ethel Barrymore confesses to a complete inability to "make a few remarks." If one admires exquisite diction, hear Edith Wynne Matthison deliver an address, and if one would be convulsed with merriment, hear Florence Moore's spontaneous witticisms.

Photo Underwood & Underwood

Gov. Miller's new Board of Motion Picture Censorship. Left to right—Joseph Levenson of New York, Mrs. Eli Hosmer of Buffalo, and George H. Cobb of Watertown

IT HAS been said that the best kind of charity is that which helps people to help themselves. A curious example of this sort of thing arose from a conversation between two well-known female stars. Said one, "I have just had the old-clothes woman come and take away four dresses and two hats, and she certainly put me in the mood for an emotional scene, the way she beat me down, and won her point! What do you do with your old clothes?" "Well," said the other, "since you ask, I'll tell you. Years ago I had a hard time of it in cheap stock companies out West, one of my greatest difficulties being to dress as well as was expected of me. So now that I've got on, I keep in touch with women in different parts of the country who are playing "East Lynne" one week and "The School For Scandal" the next. I know that they are really deserving, and they know that I am fair and square, so whenever I have had sufficient wear out of a street-dress or an evening-gown, I write to this one or that one, and describe the costume, and name a price, a mere fraction of its original cost. I have the satisfaction of doing a good turn, and they do not become the objects of mere charity!" "A great idea!" cried the first woman.

A FEW years ago when Winthrop Ames produced "The Betrothal," Maurice Maeterlinck's sequel to "The Blue Bird," he selected some young girls to play the minor rôles of "bridesmaids," and although they had had little experience Mr. Ames detected ability. One of them, Boots Wooster, after playing a good part with Leo Ditrichstein in "The Purple Mask," played a better part in "Honors Are Even." Another, June Walker, played a leading part with the late Clifton Crawford in "My Lady Friends" and a leading part with Leo Ditrichstein in "Toto." Still another, Betty Hilburn, gave up her work in motion pictures in order to become the wife of a millionaire's son.

WHEN John Murray Anderson accuses Florenz Ziegfeld of appropriating his stage ideas, what he really means is, that they are both striving to claim the unattainable triumph of having discovered the prize beauties of America. Each of them, in secret, is heartily disgusted with the stage beauty, and a lot of us in the audience are too. Someone is responsible for the similarity of carmine lips, chalked shoulders, onyx limbs, and arch eyes. It may be Lillian Russell began it, or, further, Jennie Joyce. Almost forgotten names to those who go to the theatre today. Still, recollection places them as the source of the blonde prima donna, and the statuesque show girl. In the simple days when cigarette packages included a miniature photograph of some stage beauty, gratis, the type was created. It has persisted. From the stage it passed into the exclusive millinery shops, where the models adopted a stage beauty of their own. From the millinery shops these models were drafted to the stage.

NEITHER Mr. Anderson nor Mr. Ziegfeld are solely responsible for the discovery of our universal beauty type on the stage. Ned Wayburn has done his share in Jazzing beauty types. Even Mr. Burnside deserves credit for creating a jolly sort of don't-care-if-I-do type of rollicking Hippodrome sprite, and Charlie Dillingham has been no small element in beauty culture. There was a standard of beauty, once upon a time. Now there is no other than the long limbed, langourous eyed show girl, or the arch little parlor ingenue of the most approved Bronx style. From Europe we get certain types of beauty that are distinctive, and from Europe comes our most artistic beauty passions. Such spectacles as "Chu-Chin-Chow," "Mecca," and "Aphrodite," are conceived only in Europe. Neither Mr. Anderson nor Mr. Ziegfeld have surpassed these exquisite settings. Do we need an entirely new beauty-picker in the theatre?

LAST CURTAIN RINGS DOWN FOR CARUSO

CARUSO—the world's greatest tenor—is dead, and the whole world mourns his loss.

Few men, no matter how exalted, ever reach as high a pinnacle of fame as did this Italian singer—a pinnacle at whose base men, women and children of all nations worshipped and paid tribute. Because of the magic of his voice, he was always surrounded during his lifetime by an aura of golden glory. Now that he has passed on, the glory is not dimmed. If anything it has been strengthened by his passing.

Seldom does a life marked for great things run in smooth channels. The lives of most famous men and women are colorful and eventful from the beginning. Usually their years are bittersweet—marked by struggles, sorrows, disappointments, tragedies!

SO IT was with Caruso. From the time of his birth in Naples, February 27, 1873, until his death in the same Italian city the morning of August 2nd, due to subphrenic abscess and peritonitis, the singer's forty-eight years of life were rich and eventful. Though the great tenor did not even enjoy man's allotted span dying before he reached the half century mark, he probably lived a hundred lives to an average person's one existence. Possessing the greatest tenor voice the world has ever known, idolized by music loving millions, singing his way into hearts all over the world, paid princely sums for his singing, adding new jewels to his crown each day, written about, interviewed, besieged by personal visits and letters of admirers, his was a career of unusual completeness.

His father a mechanic, Caruso's early days started in an unpretentious way. Who, in his sunny Naples, ever dreamed that the little lad would some day hold the world enthralled by his enchanted voice? Though the little Enrico loved to sing, and filled his modest home with piercing notes, he really wanted to be a sailor. By the time he reached eleven, he had developed a fine, contralto voice. Soon he was engaged to sing in the choir of the Church of St. Anna, Naples, at ten pence weekly, which he thought a princely sum.

A year later, sent home for infraction of school rules, he was apprenticed to a mechanical engineer. The young Enrico, with music filling his soul, loathed his new work. The only feature of it he could tolerate was the mechanical drawing, and he decided that, instead of being a sailor, he would like to be an artist. His fondness for drawing never quite deserted him through life, and even when he became famous he amused himself by making caricatures of his friends.

AT FIFTEEN, his mother died, and Enrico left his father's home vowing he intended to devote himself henceforth to Art and Music. Then began years of struggle, when he picked up a living singing at church festivals, in private homes, and anywhere else where he could make a few dollars. He was often hungry, but always happy and optimistic. At eighteen, he became obssessed with fears about his voice. He knew not whether he was a baritone or a tenor. His fellow students jibed at his ambition to become an operatic star. Then military duty further temporarily disturbed his artistic career.

For a year he served in the Thirteenth Regiment of Artillery, stationed at Rieti. One day he burst out into song, and his Major heard him. Astounded, he approached the

THE LATE ENRICO CARUSO

From a private portrait of the singer given only to his friends

soldier boy, and questioned him. Enrico stammered out his aspirations. The kindly Major engaged a singing master for him. In 1895, at the age of 22, Enrico Caruso made his début in opera at the Teatro Nuovo, Naples.

The opera and the singer were not successes, but his master, Vergine, encouraged him to keep on with his studies, and he continued singing at various theatres to improve his voice. Finally, his great hour arrived. Sonsogno, manager of the Teatro Lirico, Milan, asked him if he would study the rôle of Marcello in "La Bohême." At first he refused, finally consented, and on November 8, 1898, he appeared as Marcello at the Teatro Lirico, and won his first success.

From that day Caruso began singing in every capital until his name became world-famous. He was engaged for a season of opera at Caserta, and after singing in one Italian city after another, he went to Egypt, to Paris, Berlin, to the Argentine. From Rio de Janeiro he went to sing in London.

IT WAS the late Maurice Grau who made the contract which brought Caruso to America. His début in New York was not made without misgivings. The successor of the distinguished Jean de Reszke, there were many who doubted the ability of the new Italian singer to eclipse the memory of the beloved Polish tenor. The night of the début came, Nov. 23, 1903. The Metropolitan auditorium was thronged to the doors with an expectant, critical crowd. Many shook their heads. It was a fine voice, yes, but it was not Jean de Reszke. Yet the music loving public was not to be deceived. They knew that, great as de Reszke had been, a still greater tenor had succeeded him, and from that hour Caruso became the idol of the American public.

His first Metropolitan rôle was the Duke in "Rigoletto" which he sang with Mme. Sembrich as Gilda. During the twenty-five successful years of song, the rôles Caruso sang covered an immense field of operatic composition, he being credited with having sung seventy different rôles. He appeared in at least forty operas during his eighteen successive seasons at the Metropolitan.

It is easy enough to write of a noted man's professional and artistic triumphs; it is a far less simple matter to touch upon his private life, his little vanities and frailities, his occasional disregard of the conventions. Caruso, like all great men, was not infallible. He made his mistakes, whether wilfully or unconciously. His private life was not untouched by criticism. At various times, after he had achieved fame, there arose to confront him ghosts of the past. There was considerable discussion about his alliance with Signora Giachetti, one of his countrywomen, who for many years was known as Mme. Caruso. Signora Giachetti and Caruso met during a performance of "La Bohême," in which both participated. They took up residence together in Florence and two sons were the result of the union—Enrico, Jr. and Rodolpho. Some years later they separated.

CARUSO'S great romance came when he met and married in August, 1918, Dorothy Park Benjamin, daughter of a New York lawyer. His bride became estranged from her family as a result of the marriage, though her two brothers came later to know and appreciate their sister's choice. While the marriage was a bit marred by parental objections, it was a happy union, and a little daughter, Gloria, was born to the singer and his wife. Principally because of this marriage, and his little daughter Gloria whom he adored, the last three years of Caruso's career were perhaps the happiest in his life.

(*Continued on page* 278)

Nickolas Muray

EMMA DUNN

A player identified in the minds of theatregoers with mother parts has in "Sonny another rôle emphasizing the pathos of motherhood. As the blind mother who sees the realities of life so much more clearly than her companions, Miss Dunn once more strikes a responsive chord in the hearts of her audience

Lewis Smith

JULIA SANDERSON

"Tangerine" was a long time reaching New York, but it finally arrived with the perennially charming Julia Sanderson to enhance the leading rôle with her singing and dancing

(Below)

FLORA SHEFFIELD

Late of "Three Live Ghosts," this talented leading woman is now playing the principal rôle in "The Night Cap," Max Marcin and Guy Bolton's "comedy of thrills and laughs"

Monroe

EDNA HIBBARD

It's a far cry from Texas to China. Edna Hibbard, seen last season in the ingenue rôle of "The Bad Man," is now impersonating the Chinese heroine of "The Poppy God"

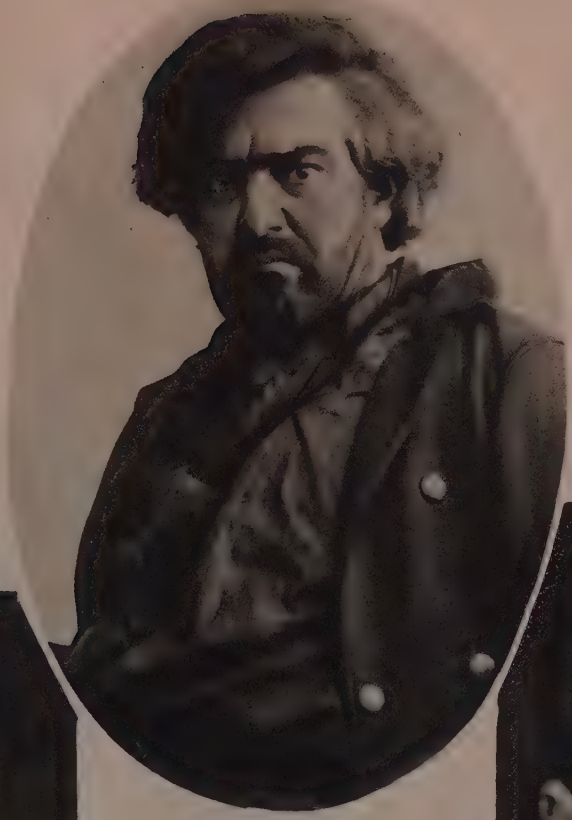
Schwarz

Schwarz

ROBERTA ARNOLD

If ever "The First Year" reaches the end of its run the young player who distinguished herself in the rôle of the discontented wife will be starred in another Frank Craven comedy called "The Spite Corner"

L E A D I N G W O M E N I N N E W R O L E S



TYRONE POWER

An important event of the new dramatic season is the return to Broadway of this exponent of heroic drama, long associated with "heavy" Shakespearean rôles, in the title part of "The Wandering Jew," Thurston's London success. The play is given a vivid and elaborate production under the master hand of David Belasco

(Below)

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS

This popular comedian will be seen in the leading rôle of "The Love Letter," a musical version of Franz Molnar's romantic comedy, "The Wolf," with music by Victor Herbert. When produced several years ago under the title of "The Phantom Rival," Leo Ditrichstein played the four-angled stellar rôle

RALPH MORGAN

The young leading man of "The Poppy God," the Chinese play by Leon Gordon, LeRoy Clemens and Thomas Springer, now running at the Hudson Theatre

JOHN DREW

The presence of the one and only John Drew as leading man would in itself make the production of "The Circle" a notable event. But he is but one of the stars composing the brilliant cast. The play, moreover, is from the pen of one of England's cleverest dramatists, and has just had a long and successful run in London

White

THE DOMINANT MALE IN FALL PRODUCTIONS

"LILIOM"

Play in a prologue and seven scenes by Franz Molnar

WHEN first produced in Budapest in 1909 this play was received coldly, but revived ten years later met with immediate and overwhelming triumph, and its author became the idol of the Hungarian public. "Liliom" found its way to America slowly, but when produced by The Theatre Guild was instantly recognized as a masterpiece of modern drama. These excerpts from the English version by Benjamin F. Glazer are printed by permission of Boni and Liveright, publishers.

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THE Prologue shows an amusement park on the outskirts of Budapest on a late afternoon in Spring. Barkers stand before the booths of the sideshows haranguing the passing crowd. The strident music of a calliope is heard; laughter, shouts, the scuffle of feet, the signal bells of a merry-go-round. The merry-go-round is at Center. Liliom stands at the entrance coaxing the people in. The girls regard him with idolizing glances and screech with pleasure as he playfully pushes them through entrance. Now and then some girl's escort resents the familiarity, whereupon Liliom's demeanor becomes ugly and menacing, and the cowed escort slinks through the entrance behind his girl or contents himself with muttered resentful comment. Mrs. Muskat comes out of the merry-go-round bringing Liliom coffee and rolls.

The scene changes to a lonely place in the park, half hidden by trees and shrubbery. From the distance comes the tumult of the amusement park. It is sunset. Marie and Julie enter hurriedly, followed a moment later by Mrs. Muskat.

MRS. MUSKAT: What do you want to run away for? Don't worry. I won't eat you. But there's one thing I want to tell you, my dear. Don't let me catch you in my carousel again. I stand for a whole lot; I have to in my business. It makes no difference whether my customers are ladies or the likes of you—as long as they pay their money. But when a girl misbehaves herself on my carousel—out she goes. Do you understand?

JULIE: Are you talking to me.

MRS. MUSKAT: Yes, you! You—chambermaid, you! In my carousel—

JULIE: Who did anything in your old carousel? I paid my fare and took my seat and never said a word except to my friend here.

MRS. MUSKAT: I suppose you think I have no eyes in my head. I see everything that goes on in my carousel. During the whole ride she let Liliom fool with her—the shameless hussey!

JULIE: He did not fool with me. I don't let any man fool with me.

MRS. MUSKAT: He leaned against you all through the ride.

JULIE: He leaned against the panther. He always leans against something, doesn't he? Everybody leans where he wants. I couldn't tell him not to lean if he always leans, could I? But he didn't lay a hand on me.

MRS. MUSKAT: Oh, didn't he? I suppose he didn't put his hand around your waist either?

JULIE: He put his hand around my waist—just the same as he does to all the girls. He always does that.

(*Enter Liliom*).

LILIOM: Here's something new! I'm not to put my arm around a girl's waist any more! I suppose I'm to ask your permission before I touch another girl!

MRS. MUSKAT: You can touch as many girls as you want and as often as you want—for my part you can go as far as you like with any of them—but not this one. I permit no indecency in my carousel.

LILIOM: (*To Mrs. Muskat*) And now I'll ask you please to shut your mouth.

MRS. MUSKAT: What?

LILIOM: Shut your mouth quick and go back to your carousel.

MRS. MUSKAT: What?

LILIOM: What did she do to you anyhow? Tryin' to start a fight with a little pigeon like that. Just because I touched her? You come to the carousel as often as you want to, little girl. Come every afternoon and sit on the panther's back, and if you haven't the price, Liliom will pay for you. And if anyone dares to bother you, you come and tell me.

MRS. MUSKAT: Let her dare come into my carousel again and she'll get thrown out so hard that she'll see stars in daylight!

LILIOM: In that case, dear lady, you are respectfully requested to get out of here as fast as your legs can carry you. I never beat up a woman yet—except that Holzer woman who I sent to the hospital for three weeks—but if you don't get out o' here this minute, and let this little squab be, I'll give you the prettiest slap on the jaw you ever had in your life.

MRS. MUSKAT: Very good, my son. Now you can go to the devil. Good-bye. You're discharged, and you needn't try to come back either.

MARIE: Mister Liliom—

LILIOM: Don't you pity me or I'll give you a slap on the jaw. (*To Julie*) And don't you pity me, either.

Liliom (Joseph Schildkraut) coaxes the crowd into the carousel

It gradually becomes quite dark. Reluctantly Marie departs, leaving Julie and Liliom alone together.

LILIOM: Have you got a sweetheart?

JULIE: No.

LILIOM: Don't lie to me.

JULIE: I haven't. If I had I'd tell you. I've never had one.

LILIOM: What an awful liar you are. I've got a good mind to go away and leave you here.

JULIE: I've never had one.

LILIOM: Tell that to someone else.

JULIE: Why do you insist I have?

LILIOM: Because

Muray

VIRGINIA BELL

A sensational terpsichorean of last year's Midnight Frolic, who has danced her way into musical comedy with the new season

(Below)

HENRI

A young dancer who is a devotee of the ultra modern in the realm of music. At his "Recitals Intime" at the Provincetown Theatre, he delights in bringing before the public compositions as yet unheard on this side of the pond

© Jeanne E. Bennett

Muray

BLANCHE OSTERSON

An English dancer, formerly a member of Margaret Morris' ballet. Besides appearing in public occasionally, she teaches Greek interpretive dancing to the daughters of the four hundred at the Castle School

Muray

VERA MYERS

Another dancer to succumb to the Benda mask fad—though why she should wish to cover her face is not so easy to understand. She dances alternately at the Rivoli and Rialto Theatres

DANCING UP AND DOWN BROADWAY

you stayed here with me the first time I asked you to. You know your way around, you do.

JULIE: No, I don't, Mister Liliom.

LILIOM: I suppose you'll tell me you don't know why you're sitting here—like this in the dark alone with me—You wouldn't 'a' stayed so quick if you hadn't done it before—with some soldier, maybe.—What did you stay for anyhow?

JULIE: So you wouldn't be left alone.

LILIOM: Alone! God—you're dumb! I don't need to be alone. I can have all the girls I want.

JULIE: I know, Mr. Liliom.

LILIOM: What do you know?

JULIE: All the girls are in love with you. But that's not why I stayed. I stayed because you've been so good to me.

LILIOM: Well, then you can go home.

Two policemen, making the rounds of the park, enter.

FIRST POLICEMAN: (*To Julie*) Why aren't you at home? What are you doing out here with him?

JULIE: It's my day out, sir.

POLICEMAN: It would be better for you if you didn't spend it sitting around with a fellow like this . . . . . He's only after your money. We know this fine fellow. He picks up you silly servant girls and takes what money you have. Tomorrow you'll probably be coming around to report it. If you do, I'll throw you out.

JULIE: I haven't any money, sir.

POLICEMAN: Do you hear that, Liliom?

LILIOM: I'm not looking for her money.

POLICEMAN: It is my duty to warn you, my child, what kind of company you're in . . . . . He gets hold of a girl, promises to marry her, then takes her money and her ring. . . Now you be sensible and go home. You needn't be afraid of him. This officer will take you home if you're afraid.

JULIE: Do I have to go?

POLICEMAN: No, you don't *have* to go.

JULIE: Then I'll stay, sir.

Having warned her, the policemen leave, and Julie and Liliom are once more alone.

LILIOM: Suppose I were to say, I'll marry you.

JULIE: You?

LILIOM: That frightens you, doesn't it? You're thinking of what the officer said, and you're afraid.

JULIE: No, I'm not, Mister Liliom. I don't pay any attention to what he says.

LILIOM: But you wouldn't dare to marry anyone like me, would you?

JULIE: I know that—that if I loved anyone—it wouldn't make any difference to me what he—even if I died for it.

LILIOM: But you wouldn't marry a rough guy like me—that is, if you loved me—

JULIE: Yes, I would—if I loved you, Mister Liliom. . . . . .

LILIOM: I think—that even a low-down good-for-nothing can make a man of himself.

JULIE: Certainly. (*There is a long pause before the curtain falls*).

Julie and Liliom have been married two months, and things are going badly. Liliom has no work, and they are living wretchedly with Julie's aunt, Mrs. Hollunder.

JULIE: He won't work at all.

MARIE: Too lazy?

JULIE: No. He never learned a trade, you see, and he can't just go and be a day laborer—so he just does nothing.

MARIE: That ain't right.

JULIE: No. . . . . He won't go back to work at the carousel either. I ask him why but he won't tell me—Last Monday he hit me.

MARIE: Did you hit him back?

JULIE: No.

MARIE: Why don't you leave him?

JULIE: I don't want to.

MARIE: I would. I'd leave him. (*There is a strained silence.*) A carpenter wants to marry you?

JULIE: Yes.

MARIE: Why don't you?

JULIE: Because—

MARIE: Liliom doesn't support you, and he beats you—he thinks he can do anything he likes just because he's Liliom. He's a bad one.

JULIE: He's not really bad. . . . .

MARIE: That night you sat on the bench together—he was gentle then.

JULIE: He's gentle now sometimes, very gentle. After supper, when he stands there and listens to the music of the carousel something comes over him and he's gentle.

MARIE: Does he say anything?

JULIE: He doesn't say anything. He gets thoughtful and very quiet, and his big eyes stare straight ahead of him. He's unhappy because he isn't working. That's really why he hit me on Monday.

MARIE: That's a fine reason for hitting you. Beats his wife because he isn't working, the ruffian!

JULIE: It preys on his mind—

MARIE: Did he hurt you?

JULIE: (*Eagerly*) Oh no.

Mrs. Muskat comes in to see Liliom. She decides to wait for him. Marie goes out. Presently Liliom returns.

JULIE: Mrs. Muskat is here.

LILIOM: I see she is.

JULIE: You might say good morning.

LILIOM: What for? And what do *you* want, anyhow?

JULIE: I don't want anything.

LILIOM: Then keep your mouth shut. Next thing you'll be starting to nag again about my being out all night and out of work and living on your relations—

JULIE: I'm not saying anything.

LILIOM: But it's all on the tip of your tongue—I know you. Now don't start or you'll get another.

While Julie is getting Liliom his coffee, Mrs. Muskat tells why she has come. She wants Liliom back at the carousel.

LILIOM: Then you admit that you do miss me.

MRS. MUSKAT: Miss you? Not I. But the girls miss you. They're always asking for you. Well, are you going to be sensible and come back?

LILIOM: And leave her?

MRS. MUSKAT: You beat her, don't you?

LILIOM: No, I don't beat her. What's all this damn fool talk about beating her? I hit her once—that was all—and now the whole city seems to be talking about it. You don't call that beating her, do you?

MRS. MUSKAT: I can't make out why you're so concerned about her. You've been married to her two months and it's plain to see you're sick of it and out there is the carousel and the show booths—and money—and you throw it all away. For what? Heavens, how can anyone be such a fool? . . . . . Do you know, I've got a new organ.

LILIOM: I know.

MRS. MUSKAT: How did you know?

LILIOM: You can hear it—from here.

MRS. MUSKAT: It's a good one, eh?

LILIOM: (*Wistfully*) Very good. Fine. It roars and snorts—so fine.

MRS. MUSKAT: Yes. If you have any sense you'll come back. What good are you doing here? Out there is your art, the only thing you're fit for. You are an artist, not a respectable married man.

LILIOM: Leave her—this little—

MRS. MUSKAT: She'll be better off. She'll go back and be a servant girl again.

Julie enters with a cup of coffee.

JULIE: Liliom, before I forget, I have something to tell you.

LILIOM: All right. Go ahead.

JULIE: But I must tell you alone—if you'll come in—it will only take a minute.

LILIOM: Don't you see I'm busy now? Here I am talking business and you interrupt with—

JULIE: It'll only take a minute.

LILIOM: Will you get out of here?

JULIE: No.

MRS. MUSKAT: Now don't start fighting. I'll go out and look at the photographs in the showcase a while and come back later for your answer. (*Goes out*).

JULIE: You can hit me again if you like—don't look at me like that. I'm not afraid of you. I'm not afraid of anyone. I told you I had something to tell you.

LILIOM: Well, out with it—quick.

JULIE: I can't tell you so quick. Why don't you drink your coffee?

LILIOM: Is that what you wanted to tell me?

JULIE: No. By the time you've drunk your coffee I'll have told you.

LILIOM: (*Sips his coffee*). Well?

JULIE: Yesterday my head ached—and you asked me—

LILIOM: Yes—

JULIE: Well—you see—that's what it is—

LILIOM: Are you sick?

JULIE: No—but you wanted to know what my headaches came from—and you said I seemed—changed.

LILIOM: Did I? I guess I meant the carpenter.

JULIE: I've been—what? The carpenter? No. It's something entirely different. It's awful hard to tell you—but you'll have to know sooner or later—I'm not a bit scared—because it's a perfectly natural thing—

LILIOM: What?

JULIE: When—when a man and woman—live together—

Photo by Ira D. Schwarz

"THE FOLLIES MIRROR"—A BEN ALI HAGGIN TABLEAU

Stately girls and rich fabrics glowing in a pool of softly diffused light in the center of a darkened stage—these are the elements of Ben Ali Haggin's interpretation of the Follies idea—a vision revealed for an instant only, as detached and as transitory as a dream

LILIOM: Yes?

JULIE: I'm going to have a baby. (*She goes out swiftly. The Sparrow appears at the open window and looks in*).

LILIOM: Sparrow! Sparrow—Julie's going to have a baby!

THE SPARROW: Yes? What of it?

LILIOM: Nothing—Get out of here! (*Mrs. Muskat returns*).

MRS. MUSKAT: I might as well give you ten kronen in advance. Here you are.—Why don't you take it?

LILIOM: Go home, Mrs. Muskat.

MRS. MUSKAT: What's the matter with you?

LILIOM: Go home and let me finish my coffee in peace. Don't you see I'm at breakfast?

MRS. MUSKAT: Have you gone crazy?

LILIOM: Will you get out of here?

MRS. MUSKAT: I'll never speak to you again as long as you live! (*She goes out*).

LILIOM: Goodbye. Sparrow! Tell me, Sparrow, you said you knew a way to get a whole lot of money.

THE SPARROW: Sure I do.

LILIOM: How much?

THE SPARROW: More than you ever had in your life before. Leave it to an old hand like me.

Later in the afternoon, Liliom and The Sparrow are planning to murder and rob the cashier of a leather factory. As a precaution Liliom arms himself with a kitchen knife.

THE SPARROW: Tell me then—what will you say to him?

LILIOM: (*Unsteadily*). I'll say, "Good morning, sir, excuse me, sir. Can you tell me the time?" and suppose he answers me, what do I say to him?

THE SPARROW: He won't answer you

LILIOM: Don't think so?

THE SPARROW: No. Where is it? Where did you put it?

LILIOM: (*Stonily*). Left side.

THE SPARROW: That's right. Over your heart. Ah—there it is—there's the blade—quite a big fellow, isn't it? Ah, here it begins to get narrower. And here is its eye—that's what it sees with. (*Julie enters, looking at them in silent terror*) Sing—come on sing!

LILIOM: (*Sings in an unsteady voice*). "Look out for the damn police."

THE SPARROW: (*Sings*). Look out, look out, my pretty lad. (*Julie goes out*).

LILIOM: At night—in my dreams—if his ghost comes back—what will I do?

THE SPARROW: His ghost won't never come back.

LILIOM: Why not?

THE SPARROW: A Jew's ghost never comes back.

LILIOM: Well then—afterwards—

THE SPARROW: What do you mean—afterwards?

LILIOM: In the next world—when I come up before the Lord God—what'll I say then?

THE SPARROW: The likes of you will never come up before Him.

LILIOM: Why not?

THE SPARROW: Have you ever come up before the high court?

LILIOM: No.

THE SPARROW: Our kind comes up before the police magistrate—and the highest we ever get is the criminal court.

LILIOM: Will it be the same in the next world?

THE SPARROW: Just the same. We'll come up before a police magistrate the same as we did in this world.

LILIOM: A police magistrate?

THE SPARROW: Sure—For us, my son, there's only justice. In the next world there'll be lots of justice, yes—nothing but justice. And where there's justice there must be police magistrates; and where they're police magistrates, people like us get—

LILIOM: Good evening, sir. Excuse me, sir, can you tell me the time?

THE SPARROW: It's time we started. We'll walk slow—

LILIOM: It's too early.

THE SPARROW: Come on. (*As they are about to go, Julie appears at the door-way at the back obstructing their way*).

JULIE: Where are you going with him?

LILIOM: Where am I going with him?

JULIE: Stay home.

LILIOM: No.

JULIE: Stay home. It's going to rain soon, and you'll get wet.

THE SPARROW: It won't rain.

JULIE: Stay home. This evening the carpenter's coming. I've asked him to give you work.

LILIOM: I'm not a carpenter.

JULIE: Stay home. Marie's coming with her intended to have their picture taken. She wants to introduce us to her intended huband.

LILIOM: I've seen enough intended husbands.

JULIE: Stay home. Marie's bringing some money and I'll give it all to you.

LILIOM: I'm going for a walk—with the Sparrow. We'll be right back.

JULIE: I'm not angry with you any more for hitting me.

LILIOM: (*With simulated gruffness*) Stand out of the way or I'll—

JULIE: What have you got under your coat?

LILIOM: Cards.

JULIE: (*Trembling*) What's under your coat?

LILIOM: Let me out.

JULIE: (*Speaks quickly*) Marie's intended knows about a place for a married couple without children to be caretakers of a house on Arader Street. Rent free, a kitchen of your own, and the privilege of keeping chickens.

LILIOM: Get out of the way. (*Julie stands aside and Liliom and The Sparrow go out*).

Joseph Schildkraut Guy Hitner Dudley Digges

Liliom and The Sparrow thwarted in their murder plot

At nightfall Liliom and the Sparrow reach a field crossed by a railroad embankment on the outskirts of the city. They sit under the bridge waiting for Linzman, the cashier of the factory. Liliom is very nervous, so to steady him the Sparrow suggests a game of cards, in the course of which Liliom gambles away the whole of his share of the haul they are about to make. Presently Linzman appears. Liliom approaches him asking, "Good evening, sir. Excuse me, sir, can you tell me the time?" while the Sparrow springs at him from behind. But Linzman is too quick for them. He seizes the Sparrow's arm, just as he is about to strike, at the same time whipping out a revolver, which he points at Liliom, replying in a calm voice, "It is twenty-five minutes past six." At this moment two policemen appear in the distance. The Sparrow wrenches himself free, and Liliom, crying "You won't get me" springs up the embankment. He pauses for a moment—"Julie—" and then plunges the kitchen knife into his breast.

Half an hour later they bring him home, and as Julie bends over the stretcher, he speaks to her:

LILIOM: Little Julie—there's something—I want to tell you—like when you go to a restaurant and you've finished eating and it's time to pay—then you have to count up everything. Well—I beat you—not because I was mad at you—no, only because I can't bear to see anyone crying. You always cried on my account—and, well, you

Abbe

BERTHA BROAD

The famous actress who said no woman can play Juliet until she is old enough to play the Nurse did not know Miss Broad, formerly Walter Hampden's leading woman. While obviously not of that august age, she has been called by Emanuel Reicher, who ought to know, "a born Juliet"

JOANNA ROOS

A pupil of Yvette Guilbert who made Broadway very much aware of her presence as Alice Whistler in "The Harlequinade." We should like to see this talented newcomer in a Barrie play, so well is her quaint and ingenuous charm suited to the heroines of this poet of the theatre

Muray

(Below)

JUNE WALKER

A talented young player who has been seen in these parts in a number of ingenue rôles is laying the foundations for future stardom as Ernest Truex's leading woman in William Anthony McGuire's comedy, "Six Cylinder Love"

ON THE ROAD TO STARDOM

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see—I never learned a trade—what kind of a caretaker would I make? But anyhow, I wasn't going back to the carousel and fool with the girls. No, I spit on them all—understand?

JULIE: Yes.

LILIOM: I'm not asking forgiveness—I don't do that—I don't. Tell the baby if you like.

JULIE: Yes.

LILIOM: Tell the baby I wasn't much good—but tell him—if you ever talk about me—tell him—I thought—perhaps—over in America—But that's no affair of yours. I'm not asking forgiveness. For my part the police can come now.—If it's a boy—if it's a girl—Perhaps I'll see the Lord God today—Do you think I'll see him?

JULIE: Yes——

LILIOM: When I beat you—I was right—You mustn't always think—You mustn't always be right. Liliom can be right once, too. It's all the same to me who was right.—It's so dumb. Nobody's right — but they all think they are right.—A lot they know!

And so Liliom dies.

They all come in with their comments and sympathy, Mrs. Muskat among the others. Finally, they depart and Julie, alone, sits on the edge of the stretcher.

JULIE: Sleep, Liliom, sleep. It's no business of hers—I never even told you but now I'll tell you, you bad, quick-tempered, rough, unhappy, wicked, dear boy. Sleep peacefully, Liliom.—They can't understand how I feel—I can't explain even to—to—not even to you, how I feel,—You'd only laugh at me—but you can't hear me anymore. It was wicked of you to beat me—on the breast and the head and face—but you're gone now. You treated me badly—that was wicked of you—but sleep peacefully, Liliom. You bad, bad boy, you. I love you—I never told you before—I was ashamed—but now I've told you—I love you. Liliom, sleep, my boy, sleep.

She goes out, leaving the body alone. Presently two ghostly policemen come in and bid the body rise. Liliom, not yet through with earth, is brought before the Police Magistrate of the Beyond to give an account of himself.

MAGISTRATE: What good did you do on earth? (*Liliom is silent*) Why did you take your life? Take that knife away from him. (*The Guard does so*) It will be returned to you if you go back to earth.

LILIOM: Do I go back to earth again?

MAGISTRATE: Just answer my questions.

LILIOM: I wasn't answering then, I was asking if—

MAGISTRATE: You don't ask questions here. You only answer, Andreas Zavocki! I ask you whether there is anything on earth you neglected to accomplish? Anything down there you would like to do?

LILIOM: Yes.

MAGISTRATE: What is it?

LILIOM: I'd like to break the Sparrow's head for him.

MAGISTRATE: Punishment is our office. You are aware that you left your wife without food or shelter?

LILIOM: Yes.

MAGISTRATE: Don't you regret it?

LILIOM: No.

Joseph Schildkraut — Eva LeGallienne — Evelyn Chard

Liliom returns home after sixteen years in Purgatory

MAGISTRATE: You are aware that your wife is pregnant and that in six months a child will be born?

LILIOM: I know.

MAGISTRATE: And that the child, too, will be without food or shelter. Do you regret that?

LILILOM: As long as I won't be there, what's it got to do with me?

MAGISTRATE: Your obstinacy won't help you. Here patience is endless as time. We can wait.

LILIOM: Can I ask something—I'd like to know if Your Honor will tell me—whether the baby will be a boy or a girl.

MAGISTRATE: You shall see that for yourself.

LILIOM: (*Excited*) I'll see the baby?

MAGISTRATE: I ask you: Do you not regret that you deserted your wife and child, that you were a bad husband, a bad father?

LILIOM: I couldn't get work and I couldn't bear to see Julie—all the time—

MAGISTRATE: Weeping! Why are you ashamed to say it you couldn't bear to see her weeping? Why are you afraid of that word? And why are you ashamed that you loved her?

LILIOM: Who's ashamed? But I couldn't bear to see her—and that's why I was bad to her. You see, it wouldn't do to go back to the carousel—and Sparrow came along with his talk about that other thing—and all of a sudden it happened, I don't know how. The police and the Jew with the pistol—and there I stood—and I'd lost the money playing cards—and I didn't want to be put in prison. Maybe I was wrong not to go out and steal when there was nothing to eat in the house? Should I have gone out to steal for Julie?

MAGISTRATE: (*Emphatically*) Yes.

LILIOM: The police down there never said that.

MAGISTRATE: You beat that poor frail girl; you beat her because she loved you. How could you do that?

LILIOM: We argued with each other—she said this and I said that—and because she was right I couldn't answer—and I got mad—and then I beat her.

MAGISTRATE: Are you sorry?

LILIOM: When I touched her slender throat — then — if you like—you might say—

MAGISTRATE: Are you sorry?

LILIOM: I'm not sorry for anything.

MAGISTRATE: Liliom, you shall remain sixteen years in the crimson fire until your child is full grown. By that time your pride and stubbornness will have been burnt out of you. And when your daughter—

LILIOM: MY daughter! (*He covers his eyes with his hands to keep from weeping*).

MAGISTRATE: When your daughter has reached the age of sixteen you will go back to earth for one day to show how far the purification of your soul has progressed.

LILIOM: Then I must show what I can do—

MAGISTRATE: Yes.—When you have returned from earth you will come up before me again. Take heed and think well of some good deed to do for your child. On that will depend which door shall be opened to you up here. Now go, Liliom.

The curtain rises again sixteen years later at Julie's home, a small tumbledown house on a bare plot of ground, surrounded by a low wooden fence. Julie and her daughter, Louise, have just sat down to eat at a table in the yard when Liliom enters.

JULIE: Another beggar. What is it you want, my poor man.

LILIOM: Nothing.

JULIE: We have no money to give, but if you care for a plate of soup—(*Louise goes into the house*)

(*Continued on page* 266)

Edward Thayer Monroe

GERMAINE MITTI and M. TILLIO

From the Paris Folies Bergère came these phenomenal dancers in the Ziegfeld Follies—the powerful Tillio, and the agile Mitti, who scrambles about his shoulders as easily and gracefully as a squirrel about an oak tree

White

VIVIAN MARTIN

Another queen of the movies who now comes in person every night to see her audience is the little star of "Just Married." There are compensations for the effort involved

Motif by Margaret Vail

Muray

DORIS KENYON

This pulchritudinous person has been leading a double life for the past few years, but this season she has forsworn the movies entirely to play the leading rôle in Edgar Selwyn's play, "The Love Chef"

Underwood & Underwood

MARGUERITE SYLVA

A three dimensional artist—this popular Belgian-American actress is unique. Grand opera and pictures have claimed her, but now she's playing comedy in "The Skylark"

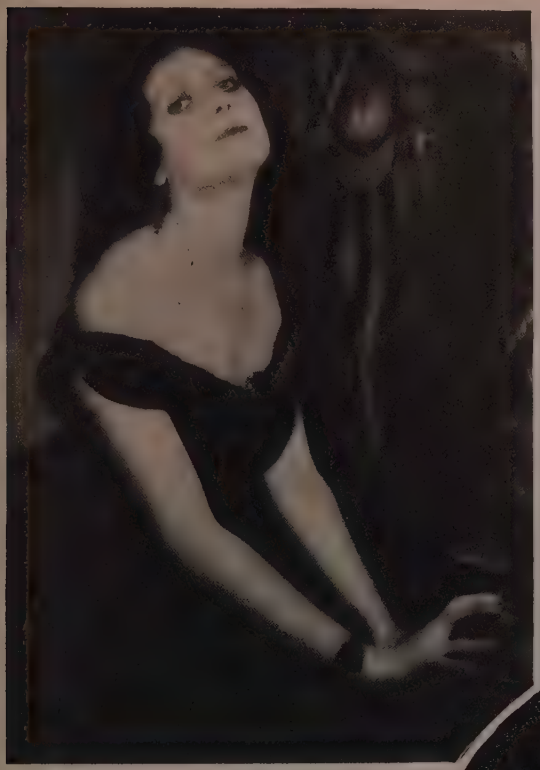
BEVERLY BAYNE

Aided and abetted by the faithful Francis Bushman, Miss Bayne is about to invade the "legitimate," presenting two Shakespearean plays

Witzel

BESSIE BARRISCALE

A star whom all believed to be wedded to the cinema for all time is now starring in "The Skirt"



ROSALIND FULLER

The little English girl who has made the songs of her native Dorset familiar throughout Europe, and who has appeared in a number of plays here, is an important part of the entertainment

Abbe

POLLY PLATT

Polly is a typically versatile Villager. An artist and a creator of beautiful Batiks, she sings and dances as well

Abbe

ADA FORMAN

This talented pupil of Ruth St. Denis will rejoin the Bohemians after a year's absence. She has spent the interval stalking Hawaiian dances on their native heath

Daguerre

BIRD MILLMAN

The cast of the Greenwich Village Follies has been recruited from all quarters—even the circus. Miss Millman, who comes from the Ringling organization, can dance better on a wire than most people can on a parquet floor

TRILBY CLARK

Australia's golden apple girl, chosen by the Australian government to appear on their Peace Loan posters, makes her first American appearance in the Greenwich Village Follies

White

BOHEMIANS OF GREENWICH VILLAGE ENTERTAIN

TOLEDO JOINS THE INSURGENTS

Tired of poor Broadway offerings, the Ohio city starts an art theatre

SEASONED "road men" will tell you that "there are three bad weeks in the show business; the week before Christmas, Holy Week, and Toledo."

It has been left for Harold Holstein, idealist, business man, with a keen sense of the artistic guided by a shrewd prudence, to prove that Toledo is not "hard-boiled," but merely tired of being imposed upon. Before the advent of the Toledo Theatre Company, the people of this city had to depend upon the fitful caprices of booking offices for their dramatic fare. They took what was sent them—second rate companies, denatured Broadway hits with none of the original cast, trashy musical comedies with moth-eaten scenery and shabby costumes, smutty revues that should be confined to burlesque houses, with an occasional good play or a week of Shakespeare—all this at a New York scale of prices. Is it natural that Toledo rebelled? Mr. Business Man took his wife and daughter once, twice—. Then he decided they had better stay away, rather than risk being bored by mediocrity or outraged by indecency.

LAST November, Harold Holstein came to town. He took over an old theatre, and set about to inaugurate a new era in the theatrical history of the city, to give Toledo what it wants. During the preparations, while the playhouse was being remodeled, the company put through rehearsals, and all the detail attendant upon opening Toledo looked on with no little interest. They had had repertory companies before, good and bad, but the most optimistic were not prepared for the delights which the season brought.

Since this was to be "Toledo's Own Theatre," the playhouse was rightly named — The Toledo Theatre. The house was charmingly decorated—an intimate interior with an attractive color scheme in blue and ivory, and such "playful" features as a reception lounge in orange and black, with colorful wicker furnishings and floor lamps, and a balcony promenade. The exterior was freshened and decorated with little boxed trees in terra cotta jardinières. The theatre had formerly been a burlesque house, which no respectable woman would pass without first crossing the street. From this, it became in a few short weeks the center of artistic and social life in the community, where people of taste came confident that here they would be afforded an evening of artistic pleasure.

THE aim of the Toledo Theatre is simple enough, albeit it requires constant vigil and a robust determination to fulfill. It is a desire to present fine comedies and dramas by a thoroughly capable company, with settings and stage decorations of the highest artistic order. That this ideal has been faithfully adhered to is proven both by the enthusiasm of the local press, and by that criterion of success—the box-office. The critics exclaimed in delight that never before had Toledo seen such a splendid company. "We have in our midst a treasure—a gold mine of artistic pleasure," wrote one in reviewing the opening. "The performance was so artistically satisfying in every detail that lovers of the theatre may well look forward to a season which will be one of the most delightful Toledo has known," predicted another. Throughout the season the same high enthusiasm has been upheld, each play being greeted as, "The best one this season." Public appreciation of the theatre has even found its way into the newspaper editorials.

In short, Toledo proved that it does want its own theatre company, that it wants to see good plays well presented by a group of capable players.

Toledo made another discovery. With a little surprise, it learned that the individual members of the company are as cultured as the people to be found in the most exclusive drawing rooms. Hence, the social life of the community was freshly stimulated. There were receptions to the company by clubs and other organizations, as a mark of public recognition; there were luncheons and dinners to the players, individually and collectively, and Toledo found that a pleasant and effective way to entertain guests was at the theatre. Evening clothes at once made their appearance here, as the only public place in the city. A new interest loomed up in the life of the community that was lacking before the theatre arrived to make conversation for the dinner table.

Toledo had, before the advent of the theatre, two things of which she was proud; the first, a very beautiful museum, rich with fine art treasures, and second, a symphony orchestra. Now the city has added to these evidences of an educational and cultural consciousness—The Toledo Theatre. Truly a great achievement for a city of its size.

WHAT a far cry it is from the old conception of the stock company, in a dingy theatre, where an uncouth audience scrambled to see a lot of decrepit actors portraying blood-curdling thrillers of vice and virtue, to a presentation of "Wedding Bells," or "The New York Idea," in a charmingly appointed theatre, with a melodious Chinese gong and chimes lending atmosphere that was formerly supplied by a cheap, raucous orchestra, and leading citizens in gala dress paying quiet deference to a smooth performance by a company of young enthusiastic, capable players in a beautiful setting! The repertory theatre has, indeed, come into into its own! Whoever would have thought of offering sophisticated plays for a discriminating audience in a stock theatre! That such plays as the charming "Polly With a Past," and "Good Gracious Annabelle," the delightful "Too Many Husbands," the sparkling "Upstairs and Down," and that satiric classic, "The Show Shop," could attract audiences outside of New York and Chicago was something new, something to be conjured with.

Moreover, here is an appreciation

(Continued on page 264)

Setting specially designed by Nicholas Yellenti for the Toledo Theatre's production of "Outcast"

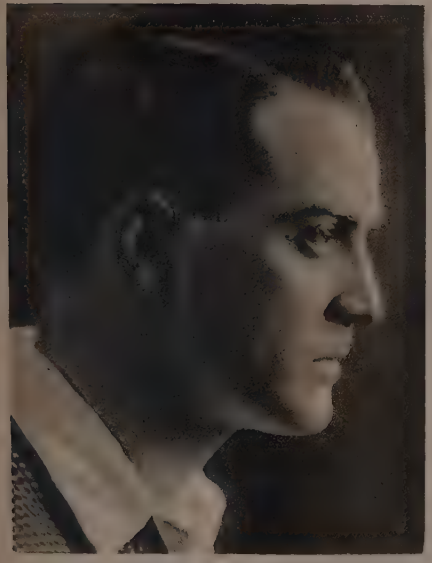
HAROLD HOLSTEIN
Director

NORA STERLING
Ingenue

LISLE LEIGH
Character

© Hixon Connolly

RUTH ROSE
Leading Woman



RALPH KELLARD
Leading Man

L'ESTRANGE MILLMAN
Second Man

ARTHUR ALBERTSON
Leading Man

TOLEDO PLAYERS SUCCESSFUL IN REPERTORY THEATRE

OLD FAVORITES

(Left)

ROSE COGHLAN

One of the most popular and distinguished stars of the American stage, this actress was born in England in 1853. The elder Sothern brought her to this country in 1871, when she made her début in a version of "The Woman in White." In 1877 she again came to America, as leading woman of Lester Wallack's Theatre and quickly established herself a favorite in such plays as "Forget-Me-Not," "A Scrap of Paper," "The Silver King," "Moths" and "The School for Scandal"

(Below)

HERBERT KELCEY

This leading man, for a long time a matinée idol at Daniel Frohman's old Lyceum Theatre, was born in England in 1855. He came to America in 1882, making his début at Wallack's as Philip Radley in "Taken From Life." Later he was seen as Count Orloff in "Diplomacy" and as the Spider in "The Silver King." During the season of 1884 he was a member of the Madison Square company and later joined the Wallack stock company. When Daniel Frohman organized his Lyceum Theatre company, Herbert Kelcey became leading man, and gained much favor

Collection
Patrick F. Madigan

(Right)

KYRLE BELLEW

This picturesque player, long a favorite star on the American stage, was the son of a clergyman. He was born in England, and made his stage début in Australia. He came to America in 1885, appearing at Wallack's as Hubert in "In His Power." While appearing in London in "Loyal Love," he met Mrs. James Brown Potter, and he formed a partnership with this actress, undertaking with her a three years' starring tour which took them round the world

CISSIE LOFTUS

A bit of Dresden China, they called her—this frail, charming little woman, whose talents were lost all to soon to the stage. Miss Loftus was born in Glasgow in 1876 and early showed extraordinary skill in mimicry. Put at the head of the bill at the Oxford Music Hall, London, her imitations of well known actresses caused her immediately to become a star, and henceforth her attention was divided between vaudeville and the legitimate stage. In 1896 she married Justin Huntly McCarthy, the novelist. When Ellen Terry retired from the London Lyceum company, Irving selected Miss Loftus as her successor

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

BELMONT. "THE SKYLARK," comedy in 3 acts by Thomas Robinson. Produced July 25 with this cast:

Katherine	Helen Odell
Arville	Marion Blackton
Daisy	Charlotte Walker
Tokio Toss	G. P. Patrimmo
John	Fred Eric
Ellery	Eric Maxon
Elsie	Marguerite Sylva
Arthur	Eugene Lockhart
Peter	E. S. Colling

THIS first *première* of a new season possesses at least two points of significance; the first that it is a play by a writer new to the stage, and the second that prominent in the cast is one who, already famous as a prima donna both in comic and grand opera, is now making her first appearance in the spoken drama.

The author of the play is Mr. Thomas P. Robinson, a Boston architect, from whom, according to reports, we are to hear more during the season. In "The Skylark," despite its length and its superabundance of words which at times obscure the points they are trying to reveal, there are merit and promise. Mr. Robinson shows literary ability as well as a taste for epigram and a clever phrase.

The play deals with the marriage problem, and is refreshing in being devoid of any odor of scandal or of risqué situations. A couple who have been married three years, have a quarrel, and when the husband, a prosaic matter-of-fact chap, asks his wife, "What do you want?" she replies, "I don't know what I want, but I want something I haven't got," and at once starts out to find it. After almost endless complications, more or less amusing, she finds it in her husband's arms. There is a secondary story of a bachelor friend who knows all about women and is continually telling it, and a charming widow, who gives him cards and spades and then beats him.

Charlotte Walker accomplishes a difficult task in the complex rôle of the wife with success excepting that there was too great profusion of detail. Marguerita Sylva, as beautiful, attractive and charming as ever, took with ease the step from the grand opera to the dramatic stage, and scored a success as the flirtatious widow. Given a chance to sing a song in the second act, she wins an ovation and proves that her voice still has all its freshness and lovely quality.

Fred Eric, as the prosaic husband, blunders with much cleverness and in the end gives sufficient evidence of the cave man's masterfulness. Eric Maxon never grows weary of talking, and at times says something worth while; and Eugene Lockhart gives an amusing picture of a gullible rector who can only talk well when he is standing.

There seemed to be a general tendency to overact. This might be due partly to the enervating hot weather with its serious handicap on things in general, and *premières* in particular, and partly to the fact that the actors did not take into account the smallness of the theatre and the close proximity of the audience.

The play, especially the last act, is wearyingly long, and should be vigorously pruned and in places clarified.

PLAYHOUSE. "THE TEASER." Comedy in 4 acts by Martha M. Stanley and Adelaide Mathews. Produced on July 27 with this cast:

Teddy Wyndham	Jane Grey
Annie Barton	Faire Binney
Lois Caswell	Rose Winter
Janet Wheelden	Paula Shay
Edmunds	Mariette Hyde
Geoffrey Loring	Leonard Willey
James MacDonald	Bruce Elmore
Roddy Caswell	John Cromwell
Perry Grayle	Homer Barton
Subi	Allen Atwell

IF A play gets over on a night when the thermometer flirts with the nineties it is pretty good evidence of its intrinsic merit. "The Teaser," recently produced at the Playhouse, did this. It certainly amused, and if there are spots in it that are not quite up to accepted standards the acting is accomplished at such a rapid tempo that they are forgotten in the development and presentation of its more telling and amusing phases.

A young widow, Teddy Wyndham, sends to Menominie, Wisconsin, for her dead brother's daughter, Annie Barton, the teaser. Annie is about sixteen and a natural born flirt, vamp and siren. She duly arrives after a highly unconventional delay, and promptly by her seductive wiles —they are ingenuously and happily free from suggestiveness—proceeds to utterly upset everyone and everything. An unprincipled philanderer is responsible for her presence in his rooms—he is temporarily parted from his wife—precipitating a dramatic situation in which, of course, the Teaser's aunt falls under suspicion, but a conclusion of peaceful calm is finally accomplished to the relief of all, when Annie elopes with James MacDonald, a travelling man, introduced originally by the pulsating heroine as her "gentleman friend."

It is really a star play for the insinuating ingenue, although the distressed reactions of the much perturbed aunt make that rôle a highly important one; and as Annie, the Teaser, Faire Binney rose to commanding and important stellar heights. Her's was a performance of superlative worth. Anything more spontaneously fresh and absolutely true to nature in its mental and physical expression has not been heard or seen on our local stage in years.

Jane Grey's impersonation of the aunt, if a trifle over vehement at times, was in the right spirit, and the philanderer, in the hands of John Cromwell, was easy and convincing in its insinuating persistence and showy insolence. His defiant wife was imposingly presented by Rose Winter.

The breezy drummer, who won the Teaser was acted with comic verve by Bruce Elmore.

REPUBLIC. "GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER." Farce in three acts by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood. Produced August 1, with this cast:

Pattie Walrick	Dorothy Mackaye
Billy Felton	Lorin Raker
Nanette	Adele Rolland
Gertie Darling	Hazel Dawn
Allen	Walter Jones
Ken Walrick	Donald MacDonald
Teddy Darling	Louis Kimball
Barbara Felton	Eleanor Dawn
Algy Riggs	Ivan Miller

IN THE dog days one is not apt to be too critical as to the quality of new theatrical offerings. "Getting Gertie's Garter" was put forward in very warm weather and its title gave promise of a very warm play, which perhaps explained why on the first night, the bald head brigade was out in full force. As a matter of fact, the piece is not particularly spicy—*risqué*, of course—but not nearly as likely to bring a blush to the cheek of modesty as some of the details in divorce proceedings printed in your morning newspaper.

I confess I. liked the play. It entertained me, as it appeared to amuse every one else. Foolish as it is, it's a classic compared with the stupid "Ladies' Night" which enjoyed a season's run. Broad farce of the slapstick variety, its situations are utterly absurd—even childish. But it makes you laugh, and these serious days much may be forgiven the author who makes you laugh.

The pursuit of Gertie's garter leads from a house to a barn and there up into the hayloft, where the fun waxes fast and furious. Walter Jones, an old favorite, is very funny as a bibulous butler convinced that the racket in the house is the work of ghosts, and Hazel Dawn is, as usual, charming as the heroine Lorin Raker and Donald MacDonald work hard and well. Dorothy Mackaye particularly distinguished herself by her scene in the hayloft, a delicious bit of comedy.

CASINO. "TANGERINE." Musical comedy in two acts by Phillip Bartholomae and Guy Bolton. Music by Carlo Sanders. Produced Aug. 9 with this cast:

A Warden	P. A. Leonard
Jack Floyd	Harry Puck
Lee Loring	Allen Kearns
Fred Allen	Joseph Herbert, Jr.
Dick Owens	Frank Crumit
Shirley Dalton	Julia Sanderson
Kate Allen	Martha Lorber
Elsie Loring	Becky Cauble
Mildred Floyd	Gladys Wilson
Noa	Jeannetta Methven
Clarence	Wayne Nunn
King Home-Brew	John E. Hazzard
Tangerine Police Force	California Four
Akamai	Mary Collins
Huhu	Victoria Miles
Kulikuli	Helen Frances
Pilikia	Nerene Swinton
Ukola	Carolyn Hancock
Polihu	Ruth Rollins
Aloha, Aloha Oe (Twins)	Grace De Carlton, Hazel Wright

TANGERINE" has several things to recommend it, but its name is not one of these.

Tangerine in this case is not the name of a fruit but of a South Sea island, and it has nothing to do with the case. But what's in a name?

Tangerine is the first musical comedy of the season. It makes one hopeful for those that are to follow, because it is so very much better than most of those that have passed. It is not merely a "production" or "show." It has a plot not burdensome but sufficient, which is adhered to and carried through with many amusing moments. It has some pleasant music, and none that is bad. It is well but not extravagantly staged and mounted; and it has a well rounded cast with no superfluous people even in the chorus.

The most surprising thing about it is that there are several really fresh, witty jokes (which are not dragged in by the heels to score a point) and few that have lost their freshness.

Julia Sanderson, charming as ever, singing as well and dancing as gracefully, heads the cast. She is ably supported by Frank Crumit, whose voice and smile make you his friend, and by John Hazzard as the head fun-maker in a characteristically DeWolf Hopper rôle of which he makes the most. There are others besides these; Allen Kearns, a young chap, who with Becky Cauble as a foil is irresistably engaging, and plays with serious purpose; Jeannetta Methven who with clear, pleasant voice, does some real comic opera singing; and the California Four who demonstrate that the singing of part songs is not extinct.

Two or three of the musical numbers are especially catchy, the duets "There's a Sunbeam for Every Drop of Rain," and "Sweet Lady" scoring heavily.

Several people were concerned in putting "Tangerine" together. Lawrence Langner, Phillip Bartholomae and Guy Bolton wrote the book, Howard Johnson the lyrics, and Carlo Sanders the music; and it was staged by George Marion and Bert French, to all of whom credit is due for a clean, interesting and entertaining musical comedy.

FRAZEE. "DULCY." Comedy in 3 acts by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Produced August 13 with this cast:

William Parker	Gregory Kelly
Henry	Harry Lillford
Gordon Smith	John Westley
Tom Sterrett	Elliott Nugent
Dulcinea	Lynn Fontanne
Schuyler Van Dyke	Gilbert Douglas
C. Rogers Forbes	Wallis Clark
Mrs. Forbes	Constance Pelissier
Angela Forbes	Norma Lee
Vincent Leach	Howard Lindsay
Blair Patterson	George Alison

THE season is very young but I am almost persuaded to hazard a small wager that the Pulitzer prize for the best American comedy of 1920-21 will go to "Dulcy" which, after a long run in Chicago, is now installed—and again I predict for a long and prosperous stay—at the Frazee Theatre. The title rôle had its creation in F. P. A.'s column and round it, as a central figure, George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly have worded a three act comedy of ineffable joy. Clean, wholesome and jolly, knit together with a nice sense of cumulative interest, peppered with dialogue, salient with native, naïve wit, "Dulcy" is as good as "Clarence," and that is high praise. These two plays, to my mind, are really reflexes of our American spirit and deserve permanent places in the repertoire of the native drama.

Dulcy is one of those kindly meaning women, who, with the best intentions in the world to help every one out, only succeeds in complicating business deals, love affairs and the everything else that go to make up life in a Westchester suburb. But the fates are with Dulcy whose bromidic taint makes for many comic passages, and in the end things come out as they should, to the perfect relief of all concerned. This very human rôle, sketched with marvellous surety, and combining with it sympathetic charm, is rendered by Lynn Fontanne with a sweet, persuasive, kindly gentleness that disarms all opposition. Hers is a personal triumph and a demonstration of histrionic values that marks Miss Fontanne as a comedienne of the first rank.

Her "kid" brother, somewhat inarticulate at times, is nicely done by Gregory Kelly, and Wallis Clark as a grouchy member of the house party is admirably adroit, as is Gilbert Douglas in a "surprise" rôle which he enacts with distinction and skill.

A movie picture scenario writer as personated by Howard Lindsay, centralizes some very satiric thrusts at movie weaknesses.

John Westley, Elliott Nugent, very breezy and youthful, Harry Lillford, Constance Pelissier, Norma Lee and George Alison are all happily cast.

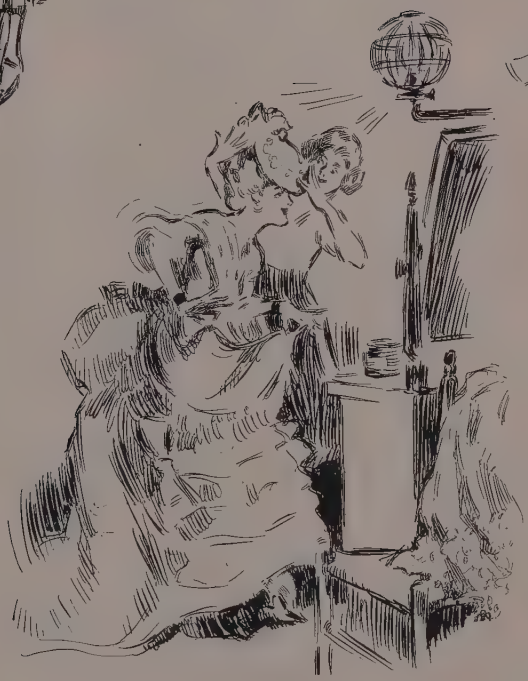
LITTLE STORIES OF THE STAGE

The Dream of Dulcia

BY
SEDDIE ASPELL

UNDERSTUDY

DREAM



OPPORTUNITY

EMERGENCY

AWAKENING

TIMES SQUARE. "HONORS ARE EVEN." Comedy in 3 acts by Roi Cooper Megrue. Produced Aug. 10 with this cast:

Belinde	Lola Fisher
Vaughan Outerbridge	Horace Sinclair
The Chair Man	Laurence Redmond
Ralph Kingsland	Paul Kelly
A Man	Ambrose Martin
Neigel Gordon	Henry Mowry
John Leighton	William Courtenay
Parker	Horace Pollock
Lucile Berkeley	Eleanor Woodruff
Georgy Haile	Boots Wooster
David Carter	Clifford Dempsey
Luigi	Ralph Simone
Hannah	Mable Stanton

MR. MEGRUE has always been a faithful worshipper at the shrine of melodrama. Nor has he ever been backward in utilizing old stage devices. In "Honors Are Even" he remains true to form giving a modern twist to time worn situations and the result is a comedy which, although rather talky, has some interesting situations and at no time lapses into complete dulness.

Belinde Carter, a sophisticated young person of uncertain age has three suitors. First—a vapid Englishman who proposes and is declined with thanks in a chair on the Board Walk. Second—a nice boy who develops a case of calf-love and is treated surgically for it in a car on the State Road. Third—a much more experienced hand who reveals himself as a kleptomaniac.

Then, in the Spring, at the Carter country place, comes along *the* man and Belinde's heart chooses. The newcomer is an author a bit more world-wise than Belinde herself, and the two play the game of love most cleverly, to find in the end that both are worsted, and both have won, and honors are even.

Lola Fisher plays Belinde with zest and gives the rôle an individual and charming touch. She receives her three proposals with aplomb and disposes of them with adroitness; and when the real duel comes she shows herself a game fighter.

William Courtenay as the dramatist, is a gentlemanly antagonist, never removing the button from his foil. The two are well matched and often strike fire in scoring their points.

The assisting cast is well balanced and adequate, the three unsuccessful lovers, Horace Sinclair, Paul Kelly, and Henry Mowry possibly deserving special mention.

A novel note in the staging of the first act is the one of moving pictures in silhouette, and the introduction of the rolling-chair, the automobile and Florida's sandy beach.

CORT. "SONNY." Musical play in 3 acts. Music by Raymond Hubbell. Lyrics by George V. Hobart. Produced August 16 with this cast:

Buddy	Carl Randall
James	Russell Medcraft
Florence	Berta Donne
Nora	Georgie Laurence
Harper Craig	Richie Ling
Mrs. Crosby	Emma Dunn
Charlie Crosby	Ernest Glendinning
Madge	Estelle Howard
Jasper	Bert Melville
Henry	Horace James
Joe Marden	Ernest Glendinning
Alicia	Mabel Withee
Thomas	James Kilpatrick
Zeke	Jack Fox
Zach	Joseph Evans
Dick	Robert Pollock
Harry	William Meredith
Martin	Fred Grod
Donald	Nate Goodwin
Rose	Violet Gray
Rosemary	Dorothy Clark

WITH "Sonny" on the boards, Keith's will have to look to their laurels as purveyors of high-class vaudeville.

"Sonny," dubbed a melody play by its author, George V. Hobart, is an exceedingly brilliant piece of patchwork—much too brilliant in fact. But the colors good enough in themselves, do not match, the stitches show where they shouldn't, and when all is said it is just patchwork. It is a strong effort to please all tastes and maybe it will; but it is more likely in the end to please none.

It has a war background, which is depressing; it has a lot of mushy sentiment which is almost nauseating; there are moments when the author seems to be travestying "Clarence;" there are others when there are faint hints of other plays; and there is much time given to regular vaudeville stunts. It is all a grand divertissement.

Carl Randall does some interesting dancing, at times effectively assisted by Berta Donne; Dorothy Clark plays the piano in whirlwind fashion, with the utmost nonchalance. There is a quintet of young men, returned soldiers, that bursts into song at intervals; there is Georgie Lawrence who does an Irish sketch: Mabel Withee, who sings—more or less; Esther Howard, a heartless vamp; and there are Emma Dunn and Ernest Glendinning; she of course as a mother, this time a blind one, but clairvoyant, and he in the double rôle of twin sons. The work of both is quiet and satisfactory, but both are out of place and wasting themselves in a show of this kind.

The melody part of the play is furnished by Raymond Hubbell, in a few consistently rhythmical musical-comedy tunes, each one of which does double duty, first for singing and then for dancing.

39TH STREET. "THE NIGHTCAP." Comedy in 2 acts by Guy Bolton and Max Marcin. Produced August 15 with this cast:

Charles	Ronald Colman
Policeman	John Wray
Jerry Hammond	John Daly Murphy
Col. James Constance	Jack Raffael
Lester Knowles	H. Dudley Hawley
Mrs. Lester Knowles	Elizabeth Risdon
Anne Maynard	Flora Sheffield
Fred Hammond	Grant Mills
Robert Andrews	Jerome Patrick
George Rainsford	Walter Horton
Rev. Dr. Forbes	Wilson Day
Coroner Watrous	Halbert Brown
Seldon	W. W. Shuttleford

"THE NIGHTCAP," labeled as a New Mystery Comedy, gives the auditor a variety of sensations during the progress of its two acts. It is not until the end of the first act that the mystery part is developed, after much preparation which arouses at times curiosity and again apprehension, with now and then some comedy sprinkled in.

It all concerns a murder, which is committed, with the numerous confusing details necessary to make a melodrama or a detective story, just as the curtain falls on this act. It takes another long act to unravel and assort these details and to discover the murderer; and it is not done in melodramatic manner at all, but in a spirit of broad comedy which breaks out now and then into sheer farce. One spends the time between laughs in wondering what can happen next. There are plenty of thrills, some of them of a reminiscent character; and there are, especially in the second act, plenty of laughs too. And it is all interesting—or amusing—in one way or another.

There is an all-round good cast provided. The shining light among the men is John Daly Murphy, who provides a laugh in almost every line he speaks. Jerome Patrick is the handsome hero, a bank president who tries—and fails—to get himself murdered that the bank may remain solvent. He plays earnestly but is not always convincing. Ronald Colman and John Wray succeed in making much of two smaller parts.

(*Continued on page 274*)

DULCY is a young married woman, eager to help her husband, a manufacturer of jewelry, who is in difficulties. Without her husband knowing, she invites the magnate of the jewelry trade with his wife and daughter to a week end party. She also invites a motion picture scenarist, who is in love with the magnate's daughter, and whom the magnate thoroughly dislikes, and a supposedly wealthy society man who starts a flirtation with the magnate's wife. The magnate's advertising man and Dulcy's brother, both of whom are in love with the magnate's daughter, complete the list of guests. With such a combination, the number of opportunities for amusing situations is infinite. After Dulcy has apparently absolutely wrecked all her husband's chances, by a happy chance everything works out right.

John Westley and Lynn Fontanne in George Kaufman and Marc Connelly's comedy of the familiar bromidic chatterbox whose efforts to be helpful involve all concerned in unforseen difficulties

Photos White

Left to right: John Westley, Constance Pelissier, Wallis Clark, Norma Lee, Howard Lindsey, Lynn Fontanne, Gregory Kelly

Dulcy, with unabated effervescence, endeavors to entertain her ill assorted house party

"DULCY" — A COMEDY OF BROMIDES

SHAKESPEARE UP TO DATE

What if Hamlet had not come to a tragic end?

By EARL BARROY

Illustration by Malcolm La Prade

HAMLET has not paid any attention to the appearance of the spectre. He addressed himself to the court physician and took some bromo; his nerves became quiet, and the spectre did not appear any more. He married Ophelia. Three years have passed.

The scene represents the apartment of Hamlet. Hamlet, sitting in the armchair, is reading. Ophelia enters.

OPHELIA: Again at your reading? Tell me, please, what are you reading so continually? What is the matter with you, anyway?

HAMLET: Words! words! words!

OPHELIA: Silly answer! (*Shrugs her shoulder*). You think it's witty! Not at all! I came to ask you for money for a new dress. . .

HAMLET: Another dress! Suffering Moses—do you take me for a profiteer?

OPHELIA: That's enough! Keep your tirades for yourself! It has become your principal occupation to hang around and make discourses to everybody. All Elsinore is sick of you. Just think what an ass you make of yourself! When there is no one else to make speeches to, you make them to yourself! Only yesterday you were seen walking up and down in the gallery, waving your arms wildly and talking nonsense to yourself. It's simply ridiculous! Everybody takes you for a madman!

"You've turned this Palace into a school of dramatic art"

HAMLET: I was meditating on the question: "To be or not to be?"

OPHELIA: Very silly question! You're always meditating! It makes me sick! . . . Doesn't do a darn thing—just meditates. You're just an old woman, not a man!

HAMLET: (*Shaking his head*). And I loved you, Ophelia!

OPHELIA: You were wrong!

HAMLET: I loved you as forty thousand brothers could not love!"

OPHELIA: (*With a deep sigh*). Yes, indeed! Unfortunately I know something about this matter. (*Suddenly*). Tell me, please, why did you marry me if you loved me with brotherly love? Oh, indeed, my father was right when he told me . . .

HAMLET: I am tired of that old fool! He is just a fawning flatterer who bores everyone with his silly, vacuous chatter.

OPHELIA: I pray you not to abuse my father. He is a respectable old gentleman. Everybody at the Court venerates him, even your uncle, the King, who is a thousand times cleverer than you.

HAMLET: The King is cleverer than I? With what a blindness has heaven covered your eyes!

OPHELIA: Yes, cleverer! Much cleverer! In the first place, he is a King, and you, with all your vaunted cleverness, are still only a Prince! I will not let you abuse my father! He is everything in the world to me! I have no mother! (*She weeps.*)

HAMLET: God be praised that he has not presented me with a mother-in-law! Then my misfortune would be complete! It is enough to have such a father-in-law!

OPHELIA: I tell you once more, don't dare to abuse my father! Do not forget that there is someone who can defend him! My brother, Laertes . . .

HAMLET: A hair-brained fellow, a madcap who is in debt up to his ears! I am nauseated with your brother! His only business is to dig money out of his sister! And I must pay for the dissipations of my dear brother-in-law.

OPHELIA: He conducts himself in conformity with his rank and position! You could learn from him how to behave! It's a real shame, a disgrace, a dishonor! A Prince of Denmark who spends his time in the company of players! Stages amateur performances! Turns the palace into a School of Dramatic Art!

HAMLET: I love art!

OPHELIA: Then go on! If you want to offer flowers and jewels to actresses, all right! But don't stage amateur performances! The next thing you will be turning yourself into a prompter. And that isn't all . . . with whom do you consort? With grave-diggers. You prowl through cemeteries the whole night long, and come home at dawn with a load of mouldy bones!

HAMLET: It was but the skull of jester Yorick.

OPHELIA: Jester yourself! You don't know how to behave in decent society. You should take Rosenkrantz or Guildenstern for an example.

HAMLET: Rosenkrantz! Guildenstern! Your aide-de-camps! I know, Madam, that you are trying to vamp them! They are nothing but Court dolls, who only know how to bow and clank their spurs!

OPHELIA: They know how to behave themselves in society. I warn you now! If you dare once more to flash out with a joke of the kind you (*Continued on page* 276)

A farce from the pens of Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood is bound to be full of marital and other tangles. Louis Kimball and Hazel Dawn as Teddy and Gertie Darling try—apparently not very successfully—to untwist some of the knotted strands

Photos White

Of course, much amusement is derived from someone being compromised — perfectly innocently naturally—and the young things hiding behind the staircase in terror are in for a lot of trouble. Dorothy Mackaye, a clever newcomer, as Pattie Walrick, and Lorin Baker as Billy Felton

Hazel Dawn, beautiful and scintillating as the pursued Gertie about to vanish into the hayloft, displays the bejewelled object of the long and involved search

Left to right: Eleanor Dawn, Adele Rolland, Hazel Dawn

COMIC SITUATIONS IN "GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER"

THE SCENE IS LAID—

Modern playwrights superior in technic to old time dramatists

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

(Concluded from last month)

SHERIDAN, writing toward the end of the eighteenth century, for a theatre which had skillful scene-painters, did not hesitate to change the scene as often as he found convenient in the course of a single act. And his successors, until the middle of the nineteenth century, profited by his example, never straining their invention to devise pretexts to bringing characters to a single obligatory place and unhesitatingly shifting the scene to any other place where these characters might more naturally assemble and meet together.

Apparently it was Lessing, who in his "Minna von Barnhelm" first made a compromise between the complexity of the English practise and the simplicity of the French. He adopted the method of making no change during an act, and of making any change he needed between acts. This had obvious advantages; and it is what we find in the dramas of Hugo and the elder Dumas as well as in the comedies of Scribe, Augier and the younger Dumas. In the middle years of the nineteenth century the dramatic literature of France set the model for the dramatic literatures of every other country. It was from Scribe, Augier and the younger Dumas that Ibsen learned his trade; and in his social dramas he has only one scene to the act,—often going behind Lessing to Molière, and having only one scene for all his acts.

THE single scene to the act was introduced into England by T. W. Robertson who was followed in Great Britain by W. S. Gilbert, Henry Arthur Jones, Arthur Pinero, James M. Barrie, and George Bernard Shaw, and in the United States by Bronson Howard, Augustus Thomas, and Clyde Fitch. It was adopted in Germany by Sudermann and Hauptmann, in Italy by d'Annunzio, and in Spain by Echegaray and Benevente. It has so thoroughly imposed itself on the drama of the twentieth century that playgoers are always a little surprised when they are expected to sit in darkness, while the scene upon which the curtain has risen, is changed for another scene upon which the curtain is to fall.

One reason why the method of one-set-to-the-act has won world-wide acceptance is that it enables the stage-director to achieve a more elaborate realism in his scenery, furniture, and accessories. Today we are accustomed to see characters living, moving and having their being in surroundings not only appropriate but characteristic. Neither playwright nor playgoer is satisfied if the drawing-room is merely a drawing-room; they both want it to suggest the drawing-room of the heroine of that particular play, frankly individualistic of her and subtly expressing her personality. If the stage is supposed to represent the library of a gentleman and a scholar, we expect it to have that appearance, more or less exactly; and if it is shown to us as the dining-room of a vulgar profiteer, we are pleased to observe the obvious evidences of his pretentiousness. Playwrights and producers have been scrupulous in creating for playgoers this atmospheric harmony; and we have now become so exacting in our demands for it that it would not be easy to get us to accept the more or less makeshift furnishings which were considered adequate three score years ago when it was the custom to shift the scenes three or four times in the course of one act.

DURING the past half century the single-set-to-the-act has been found to have many advantages; and there is little likelihood that there will be a return to any of the earlier methods, the frequent scene-shifting during the acts or the sceneless stage of the Tudor theatre. It is true that there are abundant signs of a revolt against the mangling and mutilation which our modern scenic complexity has imposed upon the revivals of Shakespeare's comedies and tragedies. Various efforts have been made to recover at least a little of the large freedom of the Elizabethan platform and to combine as far as may be possible the beauty of modern decoration with a simplicity more in accord with Shakespeare's own methods.

While the single-set-to-the-act is perfectly acceptable for modern plays, constructed to meet its conditions, it is far less satisfactory when it compels readjustments of tragedies which were composed in compliance with conditions entirely dissimilar. And even if no one of the efforts in this direction can be called completely successful, they serve to indicate the path along which progress is possible. The sumptuous spectacular adornment which might be given to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" or to "Tempest" is not demanded by the severer stories of "Hamlet" and "Othello." Sooner or later, we may hope to see a welcome modification of staging of which Henry Irving availed himself with skill and taste and liberality, in favor of a presentation less sumptuous but not less beautiful in its comparative simplicity. and not achieved at the sacrifice of Shakespeare's own construction.

For most of the plays of today, comedies and social dramas, farces and even melodramas, the single-set-to-the-act has many advantages; yet it has certain disadvantages, which it may be interesting to discuss briefly. For one thing, it puts a severe strain upon the ingenuity of the playwright in that it compels him to invent a satisfactory explanation for the arrival of each of the characters, one after another, before the audience.

THESE characters may belong to different stations in life; they may be almost unknown to one another; they may even have reasons of their own for avoiding one another; and yet they must be brought together in the place which the playwright has chosen as the scene of his act. What is more, their appearance in the play must seem to be the result of their own volitions. As each of them walks on the stage the spectators must be made to see at once, and with as little explanation as possible, the motive which has brought him. And this motive must be not only instantly apparent but obviously plausible. If the motive does not seem adequate our attention is thereby distracted more or less; and the playwright has failed to conserve what Herbert Spencer called the Economy of Attention.

This is a difficult feat to accomplish; and that it is achieved in the majority of modern plays is testimony to the technical dexterity of the dramatists of today—a dexterity far exceeding that demanded of the dramatists of yesterday. Shakespeare did not have to solve this problem, since his sceneless platform was a neutral ground which might be anywhere and on which any two of his characters could meet without cavil; and Sheridan, in his turn, had not to wrestle with this difficulty since he could change his scene at will and if his characters did not want to meet at the appointed place, all he had to do was to change the place to one where they would come together willingly.

The easiest way for the playwright to get his characters together is to choose for their reunion a place and a moment when the spectators would expect a variety of persons to assemble. This is one of the explanations why the modern dramatist is forever inviting us to dinner or to afternoon tea or to a ball, all of which occasions when groups are collected.

BUT here he has to surmount another stumbling block; he must find satisfactory reasons for temporarily getting rid of the rest of those present so that the hero and heroine can have their intimate discussion of their private affairs; and this is a task quite as delicate; although it may be a little less difficult since the spectator will presumably be eager to listen to the lovers and therefore he will be tolerant of the excuses which result in their being left alone for as long as may be necessary.

In view of this second difficulty the playwright may prefer to a place where people assemble, a drawing-room or an Italian garden, a place where people are only passing through, the office of a hotel or a room in a museum. The hotel-office is especially useful for a first act in which an unrelated host of characters may be introduced without in any way departing from the facts of everyday experience. Mr. George M. Cohan utilized a country hotel in the opening act of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," an act which was a masterpiece of exposition; and Mr. William deMille used a city hotel in the opening act of "Woman" with corresponding felicity of effect. The room in the Vatican Museum which contains

(*Continued on page* 276)

Marion Davies continues to remain so lovely in picture after picture that merely to gaze on her classic profile is sufficient for many cinema devotees. Her latest Cosmopolitan picture is "The Bride's Play," which is as it should be, for if anyone looks captivating in bridal attire, Miss Davies does

THE SAINT LOUIS MUNICIPAL THEATRE

The mid-western municipality solves the problem of community opera

JAMES HUNEKER in his "Steeplejack" says, "Life is like an onion—you peel off layer after layer and then you find there nothing in it."—A particularly apt allusion when applied to the masses in the average city, where mechanical inventions and the daily grind have reduced life to a routine, and monotonous level. Today something more is needed in upbuilding a city than the founding of commercial enterprises, the establishment of homes, and the building of schools and churches—something more satisfying than the drab sameness of a work-a-day world, but there is seldom an attempt at community uplift or cultural entertainment of any sort on the part of municipalities. We know that there is nothing more potent in bringing people out of themselves—in satisfying their craving for the beautiful than good music. Yet how many cities in these United States have placed it within the reach of all—have made it possible for rich and poor alike to hear good music, well performed? Just one—St. Louis. The City officials, keen of vision, and quick to act, saw the need and they set about satisfying it. How well they have succeeded may be gleaned from the picture of part of one of the huge audiences shown on the opposite page.

EARLY in July a cordial letter came to me from Mayor Kiel of St. Louis, inviting me to attend the performances of their Municipal Theatre as a guest of the City. The idea piqued my curiosity. Here was something new under the sun. A theatre actually fostered by a city for the entertainment of its citizens. I hastened to send back my acceptance of an invitation that promised to be a rare treat.

Journeying to St. Louis, I was received on my arrival by Mr. Nelson Cunliff, Chairman of the Executive Productions Committee, and its efficient Secretary. And right there I began to learn at once that the City of St. Louis and its executives could be just as thorough-going as hosts as at theatre building. Evidences of their thought for the stranger within their gates met me at every turn—the suite at the hotel reserved in advance of my arrival, the ever-ready car at my disposal, and innumerable courtesies that served to make my stay in St. Louis, not alone instructive, but one that will long linger in my memory!

ST. LOUIS has already to its credit many forms of community welfare. Bathing pools dot the city, where boys and girls grouped under various ages are taught swimming and water sports of every description under the watchful eyes of a trained corps of instructors. What a boon to the children of the City, and what a lesson for other municipalities, including our own magnificent New York! Bathing pools, however, are but one of the many sides to the community activities of this mid-western City. Perhaps the biggest thing they have ever accomplished is the solving of the problem of municipal opera.

OPERA, of, by, and for the people has long been the dream of music lovers, and the municipality of St. Louis has made the dream a reality. Imagine, if you can, an open-air auditorium seating over 9000 people with practically every seat filled at each and every performance! It gives you but a vague and entirely inadequate idea of what the Municipal Theatre means to the fortunate citizens of a city whose executives are willing to take a real interest in a project involving entertainment for the masses. A willingness that is all the more remarkable when compared with its woeful lack on the part of executives in practically every other big city.

THE site, a natural amphitheatre, was selected some years ago by Margaret Anglin, who dedicated it with a performance of "As You Like It." Today a concrete bank has been built up from the stage and on the declivity the City has placed some 9000 chairs.

It is difficult to imagine a more beautiful spot than the open stage with its background of two huge oaks that lend a fairy-like enchantment to the settings, under the glow of the lights. And speaking of lights,—the stage is curtainless. When a change of scene is in progress, a barrage of flashing arcs is thrown up from the orchestra pit effectively blocking out the busy scene shifters and the property men. Then, when all is ready, the lights are flashed off, and the next act is on.

THE repertoire, an ambitious one, embraces grand opera, light opera and opera comique—the two latter seeming to be in high favor with the audiences. This season's programs have included "Fra Diavolo," "San Toy," "The Beggar Student," "Chimes of Normandy," "Pirates of Penzance," "Sari" and "The Chocolate Soldier." On the final night of the latter there were over ten thousand people within hearing distance—people recruited from every walk of life, drawn together in their mutual enjoyment of the soul-satisfying music. And what is the result? A civic pride that has its foundation in a strong community spirit.

PERFORMANCES are given every week night except Monday, which is devoted to rehearsals. There is a change of bill each week, and the prices range from 25c to $2.00, with many free seats, bringing opera within reach of all. The greater number of the chorus of eighty-four fresh and well trained voices are amateurs, there is a splendid orchestra of sixty pieces, and every evidence of a careful and discriminating selection of principals. The performances are artistically satisfying, beautifully staged and thoroughly rehearsed.

UNLESS all signs fail, the St. Louis Municipal Opera has come to stay. It brings to the people the revivifying influence of good music, and their response to its appeal is evidenced in the vast audiences that fill the auditorium to overflowing.

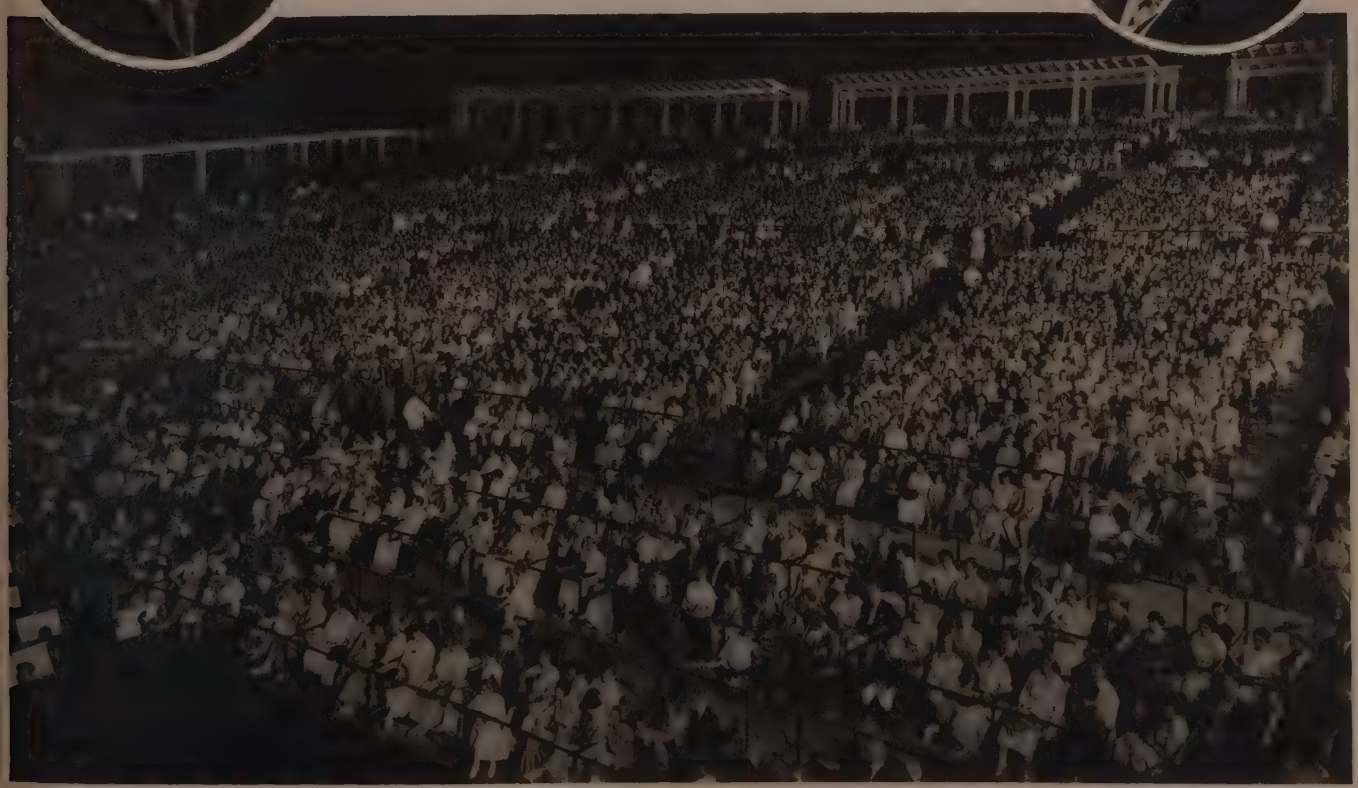
It has been said that the amusements of a people are an essential part of their efficiency. St. Louis points the way, and I am told that Memphis, Tenn., and Fort Worth, Texas, are taking up the idea. What other cities will follow? Here's a word of encouragement for those who may hesitate—The St. Louis Municipal Theatre in its second year showed a surplus. Although its list of guarantors numbers the prominent business interests of the City, they were not called upon to do anything more than lend their moral support to the enterprise. And after the opera season is over the people gather here for athletic meets, fashion shows, and other community affairs. I repeat, what other cities will follow St. Louis' lead?

PAUL MEYER, Publisher.

"The Mikado" set on the open stage of the Municipal Theatre, with its background of trees and shrubbery, delights the eye as well as the ear

Hon. Henry W. Kiel, Mayor of St. Louis takes keen pride in their Municipal Theatre. He has given this and other community welfare measures his undivided support, and the people of St. Louis have shown their appreciation by repeatedly re-electing him to office

Mr. Nelson Cunliff, Director of Public Welfare of the City of St. Louis, and Chairman of the Executive Productions Committee of the Municipal Theatre. Mr. Cunliff first conceived the idea of Municipal Opera, and to him is due a large share of the credit for its success



A section of the audience assembled to hear light opera at the St. Louis Municipal Theatre, an institution fostered by the City. The opera season opens each year in July and continues for two months

WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

By FRANK VREELAND

IT CAN be said of a number of pictures nowadays that as photodramas they are good scenics. At least a long shot of far-flung mountains is often more appealing than a close-up of some snub-nosed heroine trying to squeeze out the tears. Occasionally one feels that a mere actor, trickling through a spacious valley, has been lost in the scenery, but as often as not with some casts that is cause for rejoicing.

Sometimes the background is an actual stimulus to the story, and such is the case in Elinor Glyn's first original tale for the screen, "The Great Moment," in which a panorama lets loose a veritable landslide of feelings. A young girl, daughter of an English nobleman, with gipsy blood in her vains inherited from her Russian mother, is gazing at one of those dazzling Western views that has apparently made Mrs. Glyn an American scenery booster, when it stirs in her and in the young American engineer hovering nearby recognition of their love, which shows what nature can do even without an earthquake.

The picture is far from having that tinge of absurdity traceable in Mrs. Glyn's printed works, possibly because she had the assistance in its concoction of an expert photoplaywright, Monte Katterjohn, who kept the romance from becoming rancid. It is one of the few society films with originality and force, showing a tense dramatic pull whenever necessary, while there are sumptuous ball scenes, in one of which Gloria Swanson dives into a huge tank set for a marine dinner and, being a graduate of the bathing girl bevy, obviously enjoys herself thoroughly, even though wearing an expensive gown. Miss Swanson, for whom this cinema was especially devised to signalize her elevation to stardom, displays a genuine sense of characterization in her dual rôles of mother and daughter, though she might better have jumped into the water with some of her other gowns rather than the one she chose. Milton Sills is attractive as the engineer and Chevalier Bayard of her dreams, and wears a rough mining costume—with patch pockets—almost as well as he does a dress suit.

ASIDE from several charming outdoor vistas, the settings for "The Conquering Power" are mainly interiors, quite reminiscent of Rex Ingram's preceding production, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," which suggests that the director may have decided to make use of some of the leftover sets from the earlier picture and save money in the studio—for once. His screen adaptation of Balzac's "Eugenie Grandet" is quite admirably executed, imparting much of the sense of solidity and gradual crescendo of the original, while there is an exceedingly powerful climax in which the miserly father is crushed by the terrifying talons that come clutching from his hoarded gold, which gives rise to the suspicion that the producer concentrated on this scene and tacked the rest of the picture on it.

The "conquering power" of the photoplay is not the lust for gold, but the strength of love, which remains faithful through the years even though the absent lover seemingly does not send so much as a picture postcard with "wish you were here." Alice Terry, who is as lovely an actress as any now visible on the screen—even a close-up cannot bulge her beauty askew—conveys very simply the virginal ingenuousness of the French girl, and vibrates with emotion whenever required. Rudolph Valentine, her co-player in "The Four Horsemen," again appears opposite her, revealing the same suave sense of Latin character, which might have been done, however, without quite so much vaseline on his hair. Ingram is as successful as ever with those shimmering light effects in his *genre* studies that make him appear like a Munkacsy done up for the screen.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON in her first story written directly for the film trade, entitled "Don't Neglect Your Wife," would appear at first blush to have gone over to the sophisticated school of the DeMilles, in which most of the Ten Commandments are broken amid expensive surroundings and then it is all made perfectly proper and fit for family consumption by hitching a moral to it. But whatever preachment this picture might possess is presently lost in the Bucket of Blood and other famous landmarks of the old Five Points District of New York, where no moral could live even if it were as tiny as a microbe.

The story is laid in the San Francisco of half a century ago, which Mrs. Atherton knows so well, in an era when to be divorced in the best circles was regarded as making one as conspicuous as not to be divorced does now. A husband who has paid scant attention to his wife finds that she has done the obvious and turned for companionship to a rising young writer, whereupon the husband with overpowering righteousness forces the author to leave town and turn for comradeship to drink in New York. The wife, refusing to leave her husband despite her love for the other man, nevertheless takes to the bottle herself in order to accompany her despairing lover step by step on his downward path—rather a charming mystic idea, interesting alike to Maeterlinckians and prohibitionists. When her husband eventually divorces her she pulls herself together in order to go East and effect her lover's regeneration, with the help of a couple of husky policemen in dragging him from the slums.

As an exposition of the idea that woman's love is strong enough to compel her disintegrating character to save itself in order to save another failing soul, the story grips you.

WILLIAM FOX'S melodramatic productions have this outstanding merit: that whatever assaults they may make on one's sense of the fitness of things, they move straight to the point in their search for a thrill without making any paralyzing pretense that they're teaching a lesson or uplifting the world. Consequently they may increase the palpitations of the heart noticeably, but they leave the mind absolutely unfatigued. Of this class is "Shame," a pretentious offering written by Emmett J. Flynn and Bernard McConville, which centers upon a wealthy young man who is driven to take refuge in Alaska with his new-born babe through the haunting fear fostered by an opium ring that he is half-white, half-Chinese, and hence would be socially acceptable neither to his fellow millionaires nor to laundrymen.

John Gilbert displays the distracted young man's feeling's so energetically that his very shoulder-blades "emote." George Siegmann, Rosemary Theby and William V. Mong are others in a cast who enter into the spirit of the piece capably, but it is in its underground scenes of San Francisco's Chinatown and its northern snowstorm that the picture does most to make one realize life is real, life is earnest.

TRANSCRIPTIONS of the spirit of an atmospheric story are so rarely successful that one must point out an exception in "Without Benefit of Clergy," which preserves the organic structure of Rudyard Kipling's original so well that alcohol couldn't do it better. This is all the more remarkable in view of the tenuous thread of the story, actually undramatic, in Kipling's epic of unsanctioned love in India; yet all the pristine delicacy of handling is here, making the picture so fragrant that exhibitors need not resort to the common device of burning incense to give an Oriental air. Largely this is due to the tender, wistful playing of Virginia Faire as the little Hindu maiden, for Miss Faire suggests an alien without reminding one that her racial quality came from a grease paint box.

THE AMATEUR STAGE

By M. E. KEHOE

Photos by White Studio

Our Future Admirals in "The Fortune Hunter"

The midshipmen at Annapolis Naval Academy give a very creditable performance of Winchell Smith's play.

The character parts and the "ladies" in the cast of "The Fortune Hunter" were in capable hands, if we are to believe the camera.

The Maiden The Lover The Villain The Vampire The Camel

The Camel and the Vampire

An Oriental Pantomime in Black and White

By MALCOLM LA PRADE

"The Camel and the Vampire" was first performed at Benmore Hall and the Golders Green Hippodrome, London. All rights are reserved by the Author.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

HASSAN .....The Lover
YASEMEEN .....The Maiden
ABBAS BEY .....The Villain
AZEEZEH .....The Vampire
THE CAMEL
THE NARRATOR
THE PROPERTY MAN

SCENE, *The Persian Desert.*
TIME, *The Dim and Distant Past.*

The action takes place before a semi-circular screen of white containing invisible hooks by which the various screen properties, consisting of a black horizon line, a miniature castle and palm trees done in silhouette, are attached by the Property Man during the progress of the play.

This creates the effect of a landscape in perspective drawn in black and white and should in a measure suggest the animated cartoons of the Movies.

A white floor cloth should be used and the characters should be costumed in black and white, all wearing white make-up. Abbas Bey, the Villain wears a huge black beard.

The camel wears the usual animal skin costume except that it should be white with black spots.

The costumes of the other players should be somewhat Oriental in character but greatly exaggerated appear grotesque.

(*As the curtain rises the Narrator steps forward, scroll in hand.*)

NARRATOR

My Friends, it is our purpose to present
A stirring drama of the Orient!

(*He bows low, then claps his hands and the Property Man appears and quickly sets the scene.*)

NARRATOR

Here upon the Desert's burning sands
The stronghold of a wicked robber stands,
A heartless man, a human bird of prey,
His name is Sheyk Mohammed Abbas Bey.
A Turkish Vampire aids him at his game,
Azeezeh el Budorah is her name.
She doesn't vamp for monetary gain,
It's just a sport from which she can't refrain.

(*He points to the scene, which is now completely set.*)

So this is the abode of Abbas Bey.
Enough! the stage is set, begin the play!

(*He claps his hands and the Property Man retires to one side.*)

(*The Narrator then goes to the other side of the stage opens his scroll and begins to read. Hassan, Yasemeen and the Camel enter.*)

NARRATOR

You now behold a caravan appear,
Unconscious of the danger lurking near.
Two lovers they, upon their faithful beast,
They journey o'er the Desert to a priest.

(*Hassan and Yasemeen embrace and register love.*)

NARRATOR

Look, even now from out the castle gate
A Siren comes to lure them to their fate!

(*Azeezeh enters and beckons to the lovers to come with her.*)

She is the Vampire in the Sheyk's employ
Who acts as an accomplice and decoy.
She bids the lovers enter and partake
Of light refreshment offered by the Sheyk.
They hasten to comply with her demand
And leave the Camel grazing on the sand.

(*The Lovers follow Azeezeh off and leave the Camel grazing. He works his way off to the opposite side.*

The Narrator claps his hands and the Property Man comes forward and changes the set to an interior scene.)

NARRATOR

And now the scene is shifted in a trice.
Behold the wicked robber's den of vice!
The wily Vampire enters with Hassan
And vamps as only Turkish Vampires can.

(*Azeezeh dances, then offers Hassan a drink*)

She dances for him, offers him a cup
Of Benj. The foolish fellow drinks it up
And falls unconscious on the chamber floor.
The wicked Vampire beats it for the door.

(*Azeezeh hurries out leaving Hassan lying on the floor up stage.*)

(*Abbas Bey enters dragging Yasemeen.*)

NARRATOR

And now there enters with his luckless prey
The Villain, Sheyk Mohammed Abbas Bey.
She falls upon her knees and begs again
For mercy. All her pleading is in vain.
But Stay! There comes above the Maiden's prayer
A sound of hurried footsteps on the stair.
The faithful Camel, fearing some foul play,
Now rushes in, in time to save the day.

(*The Camel gallops in, kicks Abbas with a front hoof and sends him sprawling on the floor, gasping for breath. He then rushes over to Hassan and resuscitates him by licking his face.*

Hassan jumps up, takes up the fainting Yasemeen and runs out followed by the Camel.

Abbas rises slowly, draws his sword and starts in pursuit.)

And now the three rush off without delay
Pursued by the relentless Abbas Bey.

(*The Narrator claps his hands and the Property Man shifts the scene.*)

And now the scene is shifted yet anew,
A trackless, arid desert meets your view.

(*Hassan, Yasemeen and the Camel enter. They stagger with fatigue and clutch at their throats.*)

Behold: a beast, a man, a maid arrives;
The faithful lovers fleeing for their lives.
And suddenly the damsel seems to shrink,
She stumbles, falls, she's dying for a drink!
Hassan now gazes on his stricken love,
Implores assistance from the skies above.

(*Hassan kneels down and raises his arms aloft.*)

NARRATOR

But Allah isn't on the job today,
Hassan is forced to try another way.
He sees the faithful Camel standing by
And tearfully resolves that he must die.
He draws his scimitar and with one blow
He lays the gentle Dromedary low.
The creature's stomach now he opens wide
To get the drinking water stored inside.

(*Hassan opens the Camel's skin and takes forth a small earthen jar and a loaf of bread.*) (*Continued on page 268*)

The Wellesley Barnswallows

The Evolution of a College Barn Into a Theatre

WHEN the Dramatic Association was originated at Wellesley College some twenty-five years ago, the only available home the youthful players could find was the wing of the college barn! Here was a haven for Thespis ready made and to hand, and accordingly the name "Barnswallows" came to be the official title of the Dramatic Association, and the wing of the big barn where they installed their theatre, was thereafter known as "The Barn."

A stage was built at one end of the building, with dressing rooms adjoining, and in the years that have elapsed, since the first performance in "The Barn," when only foot and curtain lights were used, the lighting apparatus which was meagre, now boasts strip lights, border, bunch and flood lights. Stage sets and costumes have likewise been added to the treasures of the "Barnswallows."

Since its conversion into a theatre by the resourceful organizers of the Dramatic Club, "The Barn" has been the scene of many plays and operettas. Last year a complete revolution in dramatic activities at Wellesley, resulted in the concentration of all dramatics in an all-college organization, whose aim is to raise the standard of dramatics in the college and to subordinate society plays to the all-college productions.

Busy student committees under chairmen elected each year, supervise the scenery, lighting, properties and make-up, and as sets are needed, the old ones are repainted or freshly papered by enthusiastic workers who also design and make many of the costumes, as well as supply the necessary stage properties. Realism is always subordinated to artistry and imagination in the stage effects at "The Barn."

Scene from "The Tragedy of Nan" as presented at Wellesley College, by "The Barnswallows" in their Barn theatre. (Above) A glimpse of "The Barn."

This year's John Mansfield's "Tragedy of Nan" was given under the direction of Miss Edith M. Smaill, with gratifying success and repeated later at the Copley Theatre, Boston, for the benefit of the Wellesley College Semi-Centennial Fund. "Carrots" by Jules Renard and "Miss Civilization" by Richard Harding Davis, were given informally, and an operetta entitled "Salt and Pepper," the book lyrics and music, all the work of students, was presented under the direction of William C. Mason, former stage director of the Boston Theatre.

In the Spring, "Drake," a pageant play of Queen Elizabeth's time, originally produced at the Sir Herbert Tree Theatre, London, was given an out-doors presentation on Tupelo Point, on the college grounds, a spot beautifully adapted to an out-of-doors production. its natural stage and the lay of the ground making possible splendid effects and long processions and entrances from down the Point. Very few properties were used in the pageant but there was close attention to detail in costumes and manners, in order that they might be historically authentic. Katherine Lee Bates, well known woman poet of America, and Professor of Literature at Wellesley, contributed delightful verses which were read before the scenes as Herald Prologues, lending an added charm to the performance.

In the twenty-five years of its existence, The Barnswallows Association has made big strides forward in the production of better plays at Wellesley—their plans for the future are ambitious, and sometime within the next few years they hope to be able to forsake their "Barn" for the Student Alumnae Building, which will make possible for them, a fully equipped stage where cobwebs and rafters no longer detract from the artistic effects these earnest players have proved able to produce.

Books of Interest to the Producer of Amateur Plays

THE PROVINCETOWN PLAYS, by George Cram Cook and Frank Shay.

PRODUCING IN LITTLE THEATRES, by Clarence Stratton.

TOLD IN A CHINESE GARDEN, AND OTHER PLAYS, by Constance G. Wilcox.

PLAYS FOR CLASSROOM INTERPRETATION, by Edwin Van B. Knickerbocker.

ONE ACT PLAYS BY MODERN AUTHORS, Edited by Helen Louise Cohen.

HOW TO PRODUCE AMATEUR PLAYS, by Barrett Clark.

CHOOSING A PLAY, by Gertrude E. Johnson.

SHERWOOD, A new acting edition for schools and colleges, by Alfred Noyes.

THE COMMUNITY THEATRE, by Louise Burleigh.

REPRESENTATIVE ONE ACT PLAYS BY AMERICAN AUTHORS, Edited by Margaret E. Mayorga.

LITTLE THEATRE CLASSICS, Adapted and Edited by Samuel A. Elliott, Jr.

PRODUCING AMATEUR ENTERTAINMENTS, by Helen Ferris.

THE OPEN AIR THEATRE, by Sheldon Cheney.

COSTUMES AND SCENERY FOR AMATEURS, by Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

HOW TO PRODUCE CHILDREN'S PLAYS, by Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

PATRIOTIC PLAYS AND PAGEANTS by Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

ENGLISH PAGEANTRY, in two volumes, by Robert Withington.

Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMES

Community Service, Inc.

TACOMA was the first city of the Pacific Northwest to break ground for the Drama Institute. The first three weeks' session, held last Spring at the Soldiers and Sailors Clubhouse was opened by Colonel H. G. Winsor, President of Tacoma Community Service. Ninety men and women enrolled ranging in age from sixteen to seventy-six.

"The youngest was a High School Student," said Ruth H. Kerr, "and the oldest a 'boy' of seventy-six summers who served as a stage electrician for twenty years before coming to the Pacific Coast."

The Institute consisted of six regular meetings; demonstrations of four standard plays by Drama League members; three plays at the Institute; visitations to two theatres; and demonstrations of make-up and lighting and the model stage.

Tha faculty was made up of the following: Florence E. Wilbur, Dean of Institute; Colonel Winsor; Jean MacDonald, Teacher of Expression; O. S. Sperlin, President of Drama League, Head of English Dept. in high schools; Glen Hughes, Instructor of Dramatic Art, University of Washington; Mrs. Hunter Kennard, Author of one-act plays and pageants; Mrs. James Dempsey; Claude Brennan, amateur actor who is connected with Standard Oil Company; Guy Llwellyn of New Tribune office, a clever amateur producer; J. H. Stine; Mrs. B. F. Hume, graduate of Emerson School of Oratory; Miss Grace Barnes, Miss Ruth Kerr, Richard Odlin, producers of puppets; Mrs. Alice Henson Ernst, English Dept. University of Washington, author of plays and pageants, graduate of 47 Workshop. Thus College professors, Community Service executives, amateur actors and producers, experimenters in the "new" theatre and teachers of expression all united in making the Drama Institute a constructive job of value to the entire community. Among the topics discussed were: Choosing a Play, Vocal Technique, Gesture, Stage Technique, the One-act Play, Foreign Theatres, Bibliography of plays for children and adults. The demonstrations included: Stagecraft, Lighting, Lighting Equipment, Make-up and the effect of Lighting on Make-up, Publicity for the Amateur Play, Properties, the Model Stage, Production. Mrs. Ernst drew a vivid picture of work under Professor Baker in her description of "The 47 Workshop, a Laboratory of American Drama." Especially interesting to amateurs was the demonstration of Play Production, with the audience taking part in an impromptu rehearsal, conducted by Professor Glenn Hughes. The demonstration of Stage Lighting given by Grace Barnes, Ruth H. Kerr, and Richard Odlin, of the Cornish School in Seattle, was unusually effective. On their miniature stage, ordinarily used for puppet plays, they showed the various uses of soft gray curtains and gray pylons to attain really beautiful stage effects. They are students of Maurice Browne and Ellen Van Volkenburg, and closed their demonstration

FLORENCE E. WILBUR, Drama Specialist North West District of Community Service says: "My experience in developing Community Drama in the North West has been most interesting and delightful—full of color and human touches. Everywhere splendid co-operation is being shown by professional talent and just folks as well."

with a replica of the former's production of "King Lear's Wife," by Gordon Bottomly. Paper puppets were used in the miniature setting and six successive scenes showed the changing mood of the play according to Mr. Browne's theory of "mood lighting."

Said Miss Wilbur at the close of the Institute: "The make-up is finished, the overture has ended—, the drawing of the curtain on the future activities of Community Drama I leave to you."

Since these words were spoken early last Spring, Tacoma has established an experimental theatre where new theories and ideas of dramaturgy are being worked out.

"A real start in the right direction has been made in Tacoma," said Miss Wilbur, "I never will forget the atmosphere of informality, of genuine interest, of real friendliness and neighborliness that prevaded the entire Institute. The students came early and stayed late asking questions, taking notes and talking everything over. It was a miscellaneous group of all interests and all ages." One after another told Miss Wilbur their interest and what it had meant to them. One man, a student of Professor Baker's at Harvard, when the course first opened ten years ago, said, "In six years when my daughters have finished high school and are started in college, I am going back to finish my course with Professor Baker." The seventy-six year old student remarked, "I have a pension of fifty dollars a month. Why shouldn't I spend it as I please? I have to come down from Gig Harbor and stay all night at the Mason Hotel, but my land! it's worth it and maybe I'll shift into some sort of a play." Another man of wide experience said to Mr. Stine, "I have to build some scenery for our Community House at Spanaway and say, just how did you get that effect?"

The definite outcome of the Tacoma Drama Institute has been to strengthen and expand the work of the Drama League and all other agencies interested in promoting community drama and to bring about a big co-operative movement of the entire community under the executive management of Tacoma Community Service. Mr. Stine is chairman of The Experimental Theatre and those serving on the committee are as follows: Mrs. Seymour, Mrs. Brehm, Mr. Brennan, Mr. Butler, Mr. Llwellyn, Miss Nessesson, Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Moussey, Mrs. Goldsbury.

AMONG the different cities throughout Washington in which Community Theatres are successfully operating is Aberdeen, which with Hoquiam, is the farthest west city of the United States. Not so long ago a lumber camp in remote and deep-forested hills, wrapped in the mists of the Pacific, Aberdeen has now grown far beyond lumber jack stage. And because there are among its citizens groups of artists, college folk, musicians and actors as well as progressive and modern-spirited business men and women the city is being builded according to modern lights and in its efforts to establish and maintain a Community Playhouse it is setting standards worth while to the whole state.

Mrs. Frank Patterson is the leader of the Aberdeen drama work, while Mr. Varde Stieglitz, a young American Legion man and a member of the Legislature is vice-president. Mr. Lance Hart and Mr. Frank Hart, both graduates of the Chicago Art Institute are among the artists who are helping on the movement. Among the active workers and actors are Mrs. Guy Halferty, Miss Nana Stevick, a Leland Stanford graduate, Miss Elsie De Clark, Miss Edna Babcock, Mr. Henry Holmbarger, Miss Rehea Rupert, Frederick Hart, Mrs. Theodore Reed, J. E. Stewart, Mrs. Walter Cramatte, William Lindsell, Hugo Carlson, Perry Clark.

The Aberdeen dramatic club was organized early in February last by Miss Wilbur whose plan, in starting was to present once a week in evening study conferences a series of one-act plays by letting the various groups "walk through" the plays, reading the parts, giving the characterization, setting the stage and using properties and dressing the characters if they cared to. This was followed by a discussion of the play and the author and has proven to be a most effective and interesting work method.

DEMONSTRATION studies of "Neighbors," "Overtones," "Abraham Lincoln," "De Classe," "The Famous Mrs. Fair," and "Beyond the Horizon" have been given by Miss Wilbur and the study groups in this way: There are one hundred and seventeen members of this Aberdeen Community Playhouse.

The Programme of Fashion

By Pauline Morgan

Ira L. Hill Studio

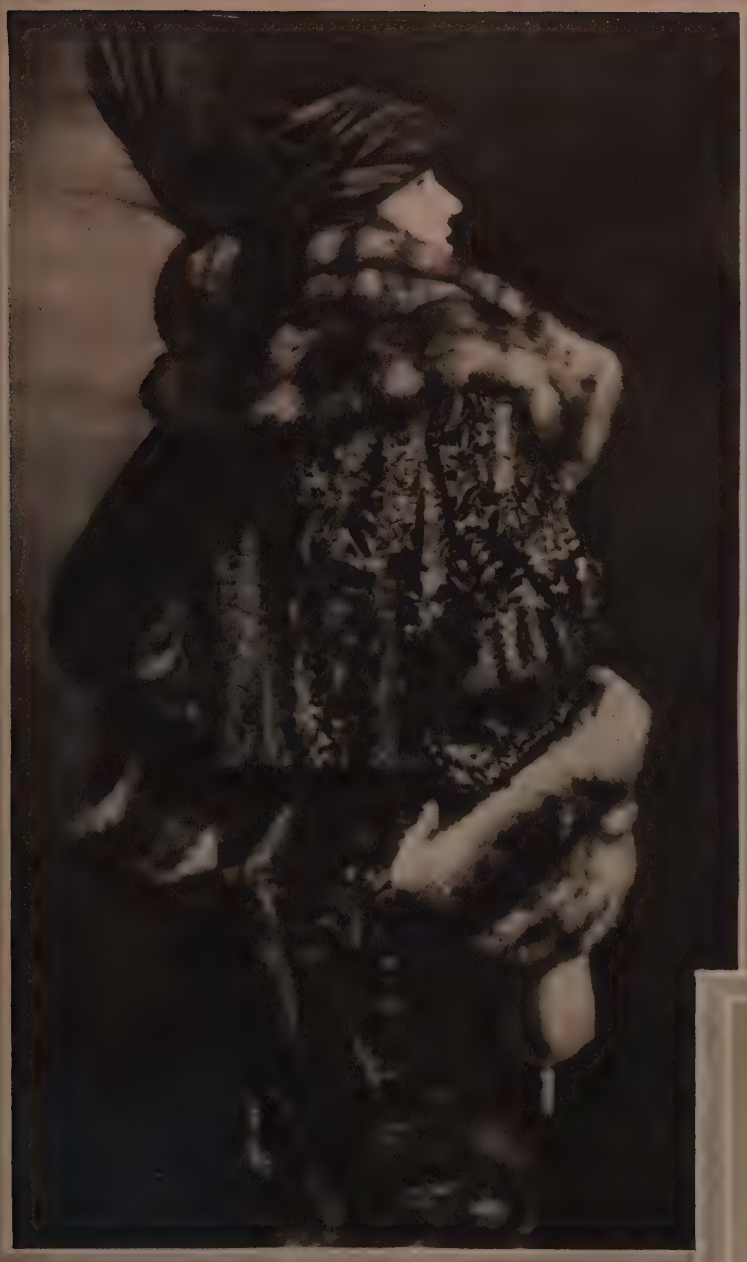
FRANCES STARR

Frances Starr who will soon appear in a revival of "The Easiest Way" will take advantage of the opportunity to introduce chic fashions. Above one glimpses a faint idea of charming negligées to be worn in the play. One, an ivory lace and embroidered robe is mounted with an Empire coat of coral velvet lined throughout with orchid satin. The tiny silhouettes are Lucile house gowns of white organdie with Empire coats of pale blue embroidered net.

Ira L. Hill Studio

DORIS KENYON

Doris Kenyon previous to her early appearance in "The Love Chef" poses exclusively for THEATRE MAGAZINE in distinctive fur wraps from A. Jaeckel's&Co The magnificent garment falling gracefully from her shoulders is of lustrous dark mink bloused to below the knee, and made doubly warm with enormous collar and Mandarin sleeves. And so that this lovely wrap may become still more desirable, the lining takes on the charm of a bronze silken cape, banded in pastel brocade.



Ira L. Hill Studio

DORIS KENYON INTRODUCES

SUMPTUOUS DAYTIME WRAPS

FOR WINTRY DAYS

Can one imagine a more regal full length wrap than a combination of broadtail and Russian sable? Silken broadtail as warm and light as eider-down, and Russian sable of unusual coloring and thickness! A very becoming feature of the model is the short jacket effect at the back which secures an exceedingly smart silhouette and adds greatly to its comfort. The sleeves likewise are noteworthy; decidedly bell shape, and shirred at the wrist to make room for the cuffs that can be used as muffs.

Furs from A. Jaeckel's. & Co.
Hats from Bonwit Teller's.

Squirrel offers new charm and desirability this season —perhaps because it is more expensive than formerly! At any rate, one feels an instant longing for this intriguing fur coat with very comfortable and correct Mandarin sleeves. It is full length, slightly full at the hem, and put together in ingenious manner to enhance the beauty of the pelts. Miss Kenyon is amused with her new mascot of bronze, called "Kumma-Gen"

Through th

By
PAULINE MOR

GLORIA SWANSON—
—(*The Great Moment*)

An evening gown composed of strands of pearls sounds rather exotic, yet when the pearls are a soft mesh work of tiny pearl beads swung in graceful graduated curves over a flesh colored foundation of chiffon and silk, one can see the beauty and dignity of such a creation. Miss Swanson may be counted on to introduce some rather bizarre effects in costuming, but one usually discovers an original idea that may be applied to numerous occasions in private life. Her manner of hair dressing and ornamentation is most interesting, made evident in the sketches. With the pearl gown, she wears a double chain circlet of pearls, resting like small May flowers in her dark hair.

Again in the negligee sketch, the Japanese-Spanish arrangement of combs in the hair is a suggestion of moment! They are of rich tortoise shell made into huge disks with a center of amber. When worn together, they are decidedly stunning! The enchanting tea robe bears many fashion touches—the graceful Mandarin sleeve banded in chinchilla is weighted with cluster balls of the fur, and the deep revers which make the front of the gown are of brocaded chiffon in shades of fuschia. This deeper tint combined with the entire gown of mauve chiffon is typically the design of an artist! Color is now recognized as a vibration that effects not only the mental, but the actual physical condition—consequently, its great value to the fashion world!

"THE TEASER"—

In this delightful little comedy that introduced a new star to an admiring public, we found Faire Binney as well as the entire company costumed in chic modern costumes by Bonwit Teller's and typical of styles worn by the gentlewoman. All of Miss Binney's frocks were girlish, as befitted a young miss of fifteen, but a suit model worn in the last act attracted the eye of the knowing ones who look to the stage as a source of fashion. It is shown in the center of the sketch and resembles a frock—dark blue serge forms the Eton jacket and slightly below elbow sleeves which are slashed over a pleated undersleeve of beige crêpe de Chine.

The skirt in small organ pleats was attached slightly below the waistline to the foundation skirt of beige crêpe, which by the way was finely pleated, except in the front, where a plain panel was made distinctive with a double row of tiny red buttons from neck to hem. Indeed it is a fetching model for the early Fall days.

Jane Grey as the attractive young aunt appeared in many one-piece frocks—all indoor models however, showing the longer skirt and either the very long or very short sleeve. You will be charmed with the faun colored chiffon with swaying panels dotted with peacock blue clovers of cire ribbon which are lightly tacked to the fabric. The bodice is slashed over the bust and at the neck to glimpse the repeated clover color scheme.

Miss Winter's first act gown was a symphony in black and white. Sheer black chiffon is hung in apron effect at back and front finished with cascades of white thread lace over a short black satin foundation. There is a wide hem of white lace with black lace inset designs.

Opera Glass

"THE SKYLARK"—

We couldn't decide at first whether it was Marguerite Sylva's radiant smile or her enchanting black lace costume that created such an exclamation of pleasure when she made her first appearance in this comedy of feminine precociousness—at any rate her entrance was dramatic—her smile magnetic and her costume prophetic of the flounced formal gown! Distended hip—yes! moderately so with four lace flounces and a tight fitting surplice basque of black satin with very short sleeves and a deep frill of lace. Yes, and the skirt was longer than heretofore!

The tricorne *chapeau* of black flaunted a front ornament of jet, draped in a voluptuous lace veil suggesting the Spanish mode. To add to the stunning effect were accessories of necklaces and a bag of jet, dripping with heavy fringe.

In the first act Charlotte Walker also wore her most appealing frock—dainty beyond description in deep ivory chiffon with wee sleeves and a youthful becoming cape collar of cream lace to the waistline in back. At the sides of the skirt, lace flounces were featured in novel manner, shaped decidedly upwards in front to emphasize the deep pointed hem of the skirt. The bodice was made surplice, which insistent fashion note gains in importance, for the surplice model is magical in its influence of lengthening of lifting the waistline.

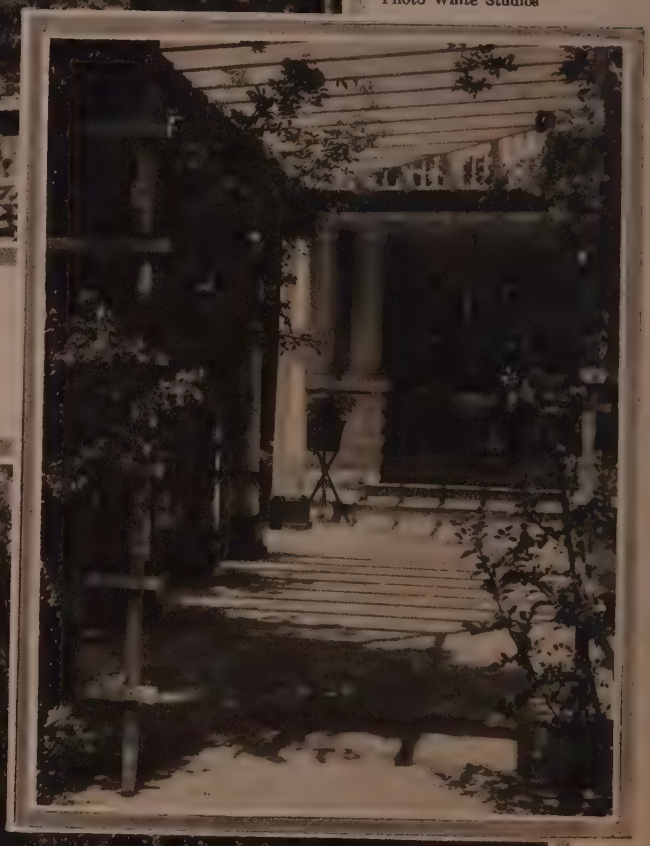
ELSIE FERGUSON—(*Peter Ibbetson*)

In viewing this graceful screen production and making note of the fashions worn by the Duchess of Towers, we were interested to observe the pendulum of fashions swinging back to the romantic era in dress; when tight basques and full skirts were accompanied by those most feminine accessories—the lace mitt, the hand bouquet, the berthe, and the poke bonnet! The pendulum has swung far enough into the twentieth century to bring into vogue a modification of the 1870 fashions, and today we find many of the most exclusive designers making wonderful creations in evening and opera gowns. The constant reviving of old fashioned plays and films in the period of our grandmothers' has impressed not only the fashion makers, but the woman who sponsors fashion. So, the picture presented by Miss Ferguson in her very long full skirts and off-the-shoulder bodices, gives us a faint impression of how many of our smartest women will appear this winter in the ballroom. To be sure, there will be no hoop skirt, nor will the skirts sweep the floor, but the tight bodice with shoulder cape or berthe will surely be greatly in evidence.

We may safely look to the stage and many screen productions today as the source of fashion, and charming ideas may be appropriated for wear in private life. What could be more winsome than a deep berthe of pearl beads reaching to the curve, yes curve of the waistline with its slightly pointed bodice? In the standing figure, black taffeta made in such fashion is a bit too far back for us, but at least we know that the short sleeve ruffle or flounce of lace is in the height of style, and that the silhouette is equally as correct as the straight line.

The Collier home in addition to its beautiful setting of trees and shrubs, adds a sunken fountain to its charms.

Photo White Studios



William Collier's Home at

Saint James, Long Island

Simplicity is the Keynote in the Home of Lilyan Tashman

Decidedly easy on the eye is this corner of the living room with its complete absence of unessentials. A lacquer corner cabinet in amber tones, guards rare bits of old china, while above the Queen Anne cabinet in old green glaze, may be seen Paul Helleu's sketch of Miss Tashman. There is the nucleus of a silhouette collection on the side wall.

A gorgeous hanging of Chinese embroidery in which old reds predominate, forms an interesting spot of color in an otherwise quiet living room.

Interiors by the New York Galleries.

Photos White Studio.

An unusually lovely window, with taffeta hangings of orchid, and inner curtains of gold silk gauze—a charming setting for the Louis XVI dressing table.

It is difficult to describe in so many words, the harmony of line and color in Miss Tashman's bedroom. The Louis XVI bed, against a background of orchid taffeta hangings, is finished in antique glaze. Mauve carpet covers the floor.

Travis Banton

An Exponent of the Most Practical and Artistic of Arts

Mr. Banton's drawings have appeared recently in "Through the Looking Glass" pages of Theatre Magazine. Beginning in the November issue, he will continue his review of fashions as they originate on the stage

TWENTY-SEVEN is a curiously young age at which to have ARRIVED in the present day of sceptics. Yet at that age the most practical of Artists, and the most artistic of Practitioners is Travis Banton, designer, artist and practical applier of Art.

Perhaps the most discreet thing that Waco, Texas ever did was to constitute itself as the birthplace of this young artist, whose work has already made itself felt, in a world teeming with quasi-artists, but who has marked no easy path for himself and is steadfastly following it with complete success.

On the 18th of August, 1894 then, Travis Banton was born of a mother and father who count their direct ancestors to famous families of the 'old South of pre-Revolutionary days. They had all been fore-folks of leisurely ways, and surely not less practical (nor artistic) than the gentle professions of law allow. And so, like many another genius came this perfect example of the world's eternal mystery—a great Art born in a practical soil!

Two charming fashion designs that illustrate Mr. Banton's method of working with delicate fragile fabrics

"He has drawn since he could hold a pencil," says his mother, and further declares that he had a "queer taste for a little boy"—that of choosing the Metropolitan Museum as the place he "loved."

He was always drawing, from the illuminated age of Seven till his college days at Columbia (class of 1916—brother of the Delta Tau Delta Fraternity) where he was placed with the paternal influence of "law."

But the Universities of America tend to make for distinct independence in Youth, and it was just here that young Travis took the reins in his own hands and decided to follow the artistic bent of his mind and fingers.

He entered a class at the Art Students League—with a triple vision, viz:—Clothes, the human Body—and the grace of Fabrics. After his figures drawn for the Life Class had been criticized, he would 'dress them up' for the benefit and amusement of his fellow-students.

Soon he added to this course by entering a class of "Costume Design" in the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Here he won a scholarship the first year as well as a prize offered by one of the foremost designers of America-and-Europe. With this *entré* he began to have offers from various sources—but as none of them presented the scope he desired he maintained his independent attitude of 'free lance' till the recent war.

He enlisted in the Navy, served, though without ever having been sent abroad,—and was discharged in January, 1919.

This beautiful duty having been honorably taken care of, he faced his more mature years with the knowledge that he must now seek practical application of his art that could not, according to his free-thinking mind be merely theoretical.

Equipped with only his own handiwork he was offered a position in the house of one

TRAVIS BANTON

of the very foremost *couturiers*. Here he created beautiful clothes for his beautifully imagined women, drew the sketches, handled exquisite fabrics and produced some of the 'clothes' that make the world glad that Beauty is not dead.

After Travis Banton went through this training he said, after a certain gratifying period, 'the time has come—Paris is the place.'

He—the ever-practical Artist, always the Artist,—decided to live for a time in Paris and apply himself to further study in his self-appointed task.

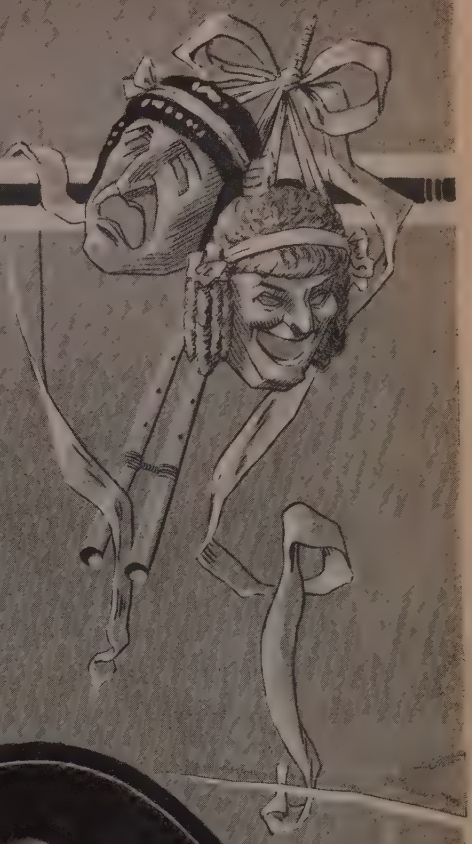
His ambition is to study under the master of masters "Drian," the magician of textiles, drapery, color and "style" in its finest sense.

Mr. Banton is said to be the only well-known trained artist in this country who is devoting the principal part of his talent to Industrial Art.

And so the little boy who "loved" the Metropolitan Museum has come to bend all his remarkable endowment of Art to the very propaganda that is the keystone of this great Museum. The practical application to modern needs of all the great Arts. The Museum is financially able (and intelligently willing) to employ real designers in carrying out their theories—but such Artist-Designers are not, with the exception of Travis Banton and a possible few in embryo, "in the market."

Mr. Banton cannot handle a needle—but he "knows exactly where each needle-point should go" and his feeling for fabrics draped on the human form is little short of 'inspired.'

Betty Wales Dresses



Dainty Bessie Barriscale is delightfully charming in the "Skirt" but she is alluringly fascinating in "Betty Wales Dresses" in which she appears in the final act of the play.

Betty Wales Dressmakers

Dept. 502 New York City

Betty Wales Dresses are unconditionally guaranteed and sold by only one dealer in a vicinity.

That Makes It Mutual

By ANGELINA

Mlle. Marcelle d'Arville, who danced in the Elsie Janis Review last season, claims for Van Raalte silk underwear all the merits traditionally ascribed to the lingérie of her own dear France. This model of pink glove silk with novel arrangement of double straps of narrow lace insertions over the shoulders, giving strength in fragility, is Mlle. d'Arville's favorite of the moment

And if Mlle. d'Arville approves of *ce Monsieur* Van Raalte's underwear, she thinks equally well of his veilings. Though just back from Paris she found nothing there anymore delightful in the way of veils than the one she is wearing,—a round of brown chiffon with a scroll-worked mesh border, the chiffon over the top of the hat and the strings on either side being embroidered in chenille grapes

FALL is the time! What with the new fashions and the new plays and people returning to town from their vacations, the world is peppish with the atmosphere of things-afoot. I go hardly a block on the Avenue before I run into someone interesting.

* * *

The other morning it was Madame Doraldina, lately returned from a whirlwind vaudeville tour of the West. She's been making nightly records of "packing-'em-in," with her novel interpretations of the modern dances.

* * *

After observing that Madame Doraldina's bright eyes showed none of the effects of her strenuous trip my glance traveled quickly downwards. Aside from the marvels that she can produce with them, Doraldina has the loveliest legs and feet in the world. And so precious are they to their owner that each leg is insured for one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars apiece. (If you don't believe me I can show you the policy.) Naturally such lovely and precious possessions must go clad in a lovely and precious way. Consequently you know that whenever you see Mme. Doraldina you are in for a treat in the way of stockings and shoes.

* * *

This occasion was no exception. As to shoes, they were slippers of black satin, their charm consisting of an arrangement of straps that permitted the featuring of the latest thing in hosiery—a marvelous effect in dark blue silk, with saw-toothed inserts of tan that ran all the way up the leg. Mme. Doraldina says she herself is "quite mad" about them. So much so that she has others of the same type, in black and white combination, in grey and silver. "Imported?" I asked. "No indeed," said Doraldina. "Our own 100-percent American Van Raalte."

* * *

Stupid of me! I might have known . . . . So then I implored for a photograph of them. And Mme. Doraldina was a duck and had one taken and sent me. And here it is!

* * *

Just after I left Mme. Doraldina I ran into Mlle. Marcelle d'Arville, who was over here last year with Elsie Janis in her review. And went to Paris. And came back again.

* * *

Mlle. d'Arville is most satisfying in living up exactly to what one's idea of a *petite Parisienne* should be. Red mouth and snapping dark eyes, against a white skin. Vivacity, gracious utterance tinged with an engaging accent. Chic, of course! That veil, I thought must surely have come from Paris. I had never seen one like it. Round and rather small in shape, its centre was of dark brown chiffon, its border of embroidered mesh. A light pattern of grape bunches was embroidered in chenille on the chiffon top, as well as on strings on either side. Altogether a delectable, novel, practical, ingeniously becoming affair!

* * *

"Straight from the heart of Paris!" I proffered, fishing for a rise. And,

* * *

"No, indeed," came back the response from the little d'Arville. "Straight from New York City! It is—how you say—a veil of the Monsieur Van Raalte. I do not know heem but he make a *won'erful* veil. We have nothing any bettaire in Paris. I have many sorts of hees new veilings, but I like thees one best of all. Everybody, he like thees one." (You can be sure *he* does). "Not only I like the veils of Meester Van Raalte but hees stockings, hees lingérie. I have a Van Raalte chemise that fit me pairfect. It is chic, *aussi*, like our French lingérie. I will have a photograph taken to show you. Yes I send you one. You like? Yes?"

* * *

Didn't we though! And we suggested that Mlle. d'Arville have her chic little veil "snapped" at the same time, the result of which you see at your left.

Madame Doraldina, too, has a distinct preference for Van Raalte. Her marvelous legs are seen here clad in one of the new Van Raalte styles in hosiery, the coloring being tan against dark blue

VAN RAALTE
Veils

To be certain you're buying a Van Raalte Veil, look for this little white ticket on every veil

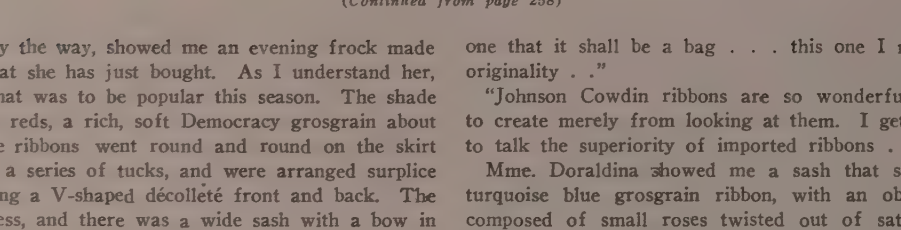
That Makes It Mutual

By ANGELINA

(*Continued from page 258*)

MME. DORALDINA, by the way, showed me an evening frock made entirely of ribbons that she has just bought. As I understand her, it was a particular model that was to be popular this season. The shade was one of the new fuchsia reds, a rich, soft Democracy grosgrain about four inches in width, and the ribbons went round and round on the skirt giving it the appearance of a series of tucks, and were arranged surplice fashion on the bodice, making a V-shaped décolleté front and back. The frock was left quite sleeveless, and there was a wide sash with a bow in the back.

The simplictiy of it was altogether fetching. I could imagine how effective it would be at the theatre or for dinner and dancing in a restaurant. Mme. Doraldina said that as soon as she saw it she felt it must be hers. Because ribbons were her pet hobby. It seems she has the permission of the big wholesale ribbon house, Johnson Cowdin, to go down there at the beginning of each season and browse over the new stock.



A Johnson Cowdin ribbon sash in wide turquoise blue grosgrain, of exquisitely soft and "bodied" character, with a buckle of satin ribbon roses in graded tones of pinks and lavenders and yellows. It ties in a big bow in back in simulation of those of the Victorian era

"As I walk between the long counters, stacked with bolts of every imaginable kind of ribbon," tells Mme. Doraldina, "and see the beautiful things that have been created since last season, I am actually thrilled." (I know just what she means as I've felt the same way myself.) "I pick out this bolt and that, ribbons of all widths . . . I decide of this one that it shall be a hat, and of that one that it shall be a bag . . . this one I must possess, because of it originality . ."

"Johnson Cowdin ribbons are so wonderful that you become inspire to create merely from looking at them. I get quite cross if anyone trie to talk the superiority of imported ribbons . ."

Mme. Doraldina showed me a sash that she had had made, of wid turquoise blue grosgrain ribbon, with an oblong buckle in the middl composed of small roses twisted out of satin ribbon in tones shadin from deep to light violet, from rose to pink, from yellow to rust. Th buckle goes across the front and the ribbon ties in a big butterfly bow i back, with ends that han to the hem of the skir

This sash is to be wor with a white lace froc the scalloped hem o whose full skirt reache almost to the ankles, th combination thus mad giving a delightful imita tion of the frocks of th Victorian era. And th Victorian period is to hav certain innings during th later season, I am told.

Ribbon is a fascinatin subject! The delicio things I have seen made of it! The little brown moiré bag, for instanc with rows of stitching to stiffen it, and two coin spots cut out of hem taffeta ribbon, to give "pep." The pillows, the camisoles, the satin ribbo mules . . . . For someone fond of "African golf," or "craps," t making a small dice-imitating pin cushion, in black-and-white satin ribbo

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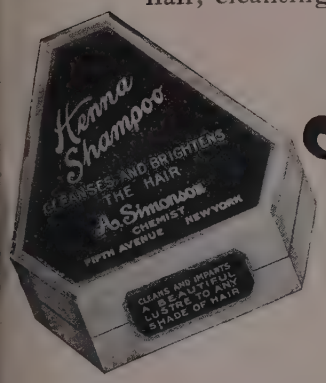
There's an unforgettable charm in lovely, well-kept hair. If you wish to be remembered for your beautiful hair, shampoo it regularly and frequently with Simonson's, the SAFE Henna Shampoo, which is neither a dye nor a bleach.

Simonson's will glorify ANY shade of hair—blonde, brown or brunette—without changing its natural color or making it red. It is a wonderful hair and scalp cleanser too. The rich, foamy lather penetrates to the very roots of the hair, cleansing both hair and scalp.

Hope Hampton, noted for her beautiful hair and complexion, now appearing in Fannie Hurst's new play, "Star Dust."



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Through the Opera Glass

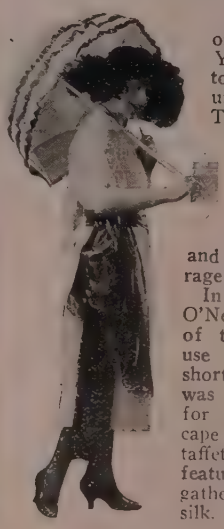
Photos from Ira L. Hill Studio

FASHIONS INTRODUCED ON THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH STAGE

That engaging comedienne—Miss Lola Fisher, now appearing in "Hon Are Even" may be relied on to sponsor the most conservative and corr fashions. The audience is alert to the interesting situation now appar in the fashion world, notably, that the stage is the medium of present all that is smart and charming in the way of gowns and accessories, wl the play calls for modern costumes in a big city.

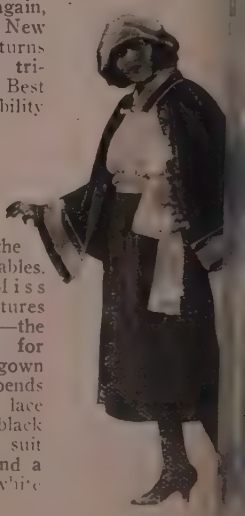
In the panel above, Miss Fisher is shown wearing a girlish chif evening frock in two shades of green, the skirt cut in overlapping tun edged with sequins and made over a silver underskirt. The decollete bod is extremely low in the back, with the chiffon in petal points, with shoul straps of sequins.

To the right is pictured a white satin evening gown paneled in narr bands of pearls swung from the waist, and an Egyptian harness of jew The dark frock is made for daytime wear—a full skirt of marine l crêpe with wide panels of chiffon embroidered in red.



Peggy O'Neil is with us again, only for a brief visit to New York however, when she returns to London to continue her triumph in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing." Not only is her ability and charm a subject of discussion, but her gowns are the talk of the town! What Peggy wears is absolutely correct both on the stage and private life, for Peggy is the rage with certain London notables.

In the two photographs, Miss O'Neil presents two decided features of the French fashion world—the use of ribbon and the vogue for short capes. The white lace gown was worn at "Ascot" and depends for distinctiveness on a deep lace cape at the back and yards of black taffeta ribbon. The blue serge suit features a finely pleated skirt and a gathered cape braided with white silk.



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TOLEDO JOINS THE INSURGENTS

(*Concluded from page* 230)

of artistic effort. The art director of the Toledo Theatre Company, Nicholas Yellenti, has designed one gorgeous setting after another. His are not the conventional oak panels and thin doors of the usual stock stage setting, but a sympathetic treatment of the requirements of the play, sometimes glowing with color, sometimes softly subdued, but always beautifully balanced in line, featuring the tall, narrow windows that lend distinction and height to the stage. As for the "props," the furnishings of the stage, Mr. Holstein has spared nothing to provide sumptuous backgrounds in excellent taste.

Variety has been the keynote in the selection of the plays made by Mr. Holstein during the entire season. A romantic comedy has been followed by a drama, that in turn by a satiric comedy or a farce. Always he has maintained that fine balance so essential in the production of a different play each week, for an established and steady clientèle. Besides putting on plays that had already been seen in Toledo, he has produced in one season, ten plays which were highly successful in New York, but which had overlooked Toledo when they started out on the road. Were it not for the Toledo Theatre Company, these fine plays would never have been seen by the people of that city. The season is notable also for the production of one new play, never before produced—"Exit Claudine" by Miss Tadema Bussière, a farcical comedy which proved very popular and played to big business.

With a careful avoidance of the little pitfalls that so easily beset an organization of this kind, Mr. Holstein has refused to hitch his company to a "star." The city has been carefully educated not to consider the rise or fall of the company in the hands of the leading man or woman, but to expect always a fine performance. Actors may come or go, but the company goes serenely on, substituting each departure with the arrival of a still better, finer actor. This is the first company on record where there are two leading men and women, and two second men.

LAST CURTAIN RINGS DOWN FOR CARUSO

(*Concluded from page* 216)

A few months ago while singing on the stage of the Metropolitan, Caruso burst a blood vessel in his throat. It was the beginning of the end, being followed by a long siege of illness, operations, relapses, and general battle against approaching Death fought in his magnificent suite of rooms at the Vanderbilt Hotel. After several months of wavering on the brink Caruso was pronounced out of danger, and able to take the trip to his native land.

Every one believed that, under his beloved Neapolitan skies, that he would quickly recuperate. But disturbing reports about his health continued to come over the wires. And then like a thunderclap, came the word that on August 2nd, at nine o'clock in the morning in his suite at the Hotel Vesuvius, Naples, Caruso had died. Death was due to a subphrenic abcess and peritonitis, the singer having died before an operation could be performed.

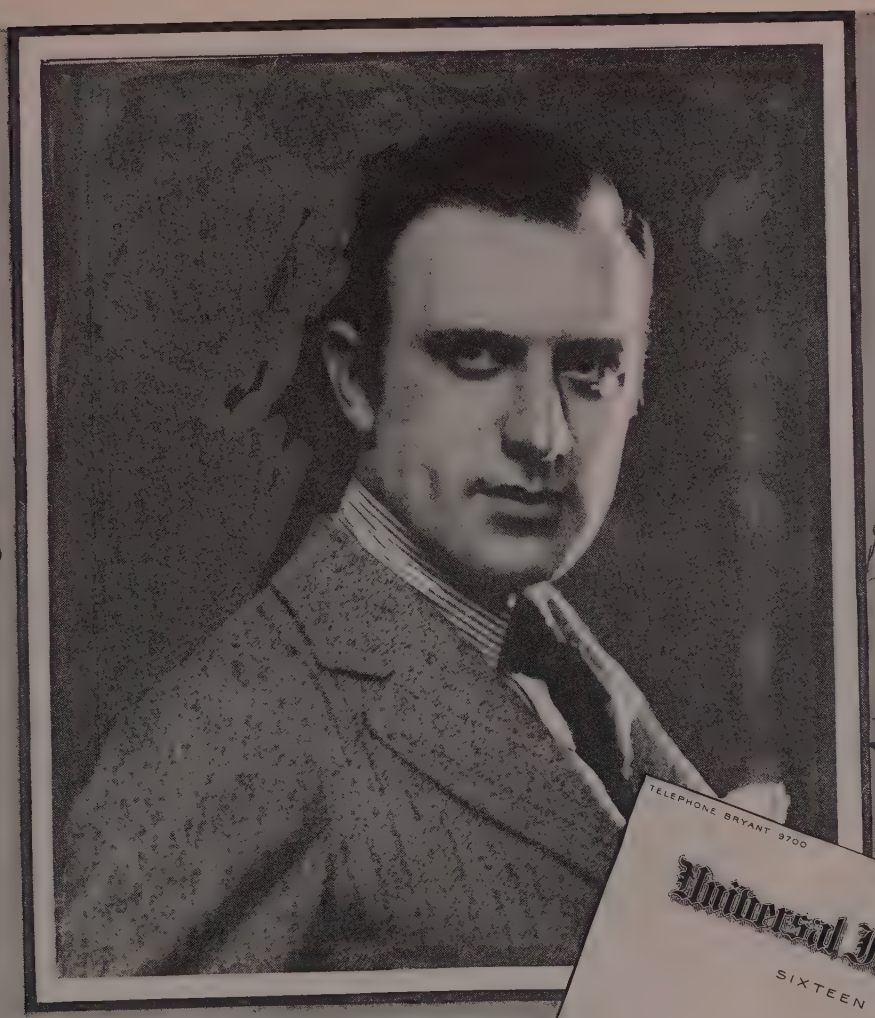
After the first shock of the sad news was over, there came a flood of eulogies of the man known as the greatest tenor in history:

Giulio Gatti-Casazza, Italian director of Metropolitan Opera House for thirteen years, said—"I have heard all the great tenors of my time. Many of them were wonderful artists. Yet no one ever, in my judgment, sang any single rôle with the vocal or artistic consistency of Caruso. Certainly no other tenor compares with Caruso in continuing to sing season after season with the same unvarying achievement of supremacy. He has been a unique artist, with whom none other compared. I doubt if we will ever have such another."

Mme. Marcella Sembrich, famous soprano, who sang the rôle of Gilda with Caruso at his début in Rigoletto in New York—"Mr. Caruso's death probably comes home as keenly to me as to any of his associates on the operatic stage in this country, for it was with me that he made his début in "Rigoletto" at the Metropolitan Opera House in November, 1903, and we sang together for eight years. His voice was unique. I was impressed the first time I heard it, with its warmth, its big 'body', and then he knew how to manage it!"

One shred of comfort Caruso's millions of admirers cling to, and that is the fact that his voice in all his greatest rôles is recorded on phonograph records. His tonal beauty is imprisoned in about two hundred songs, arias, hymns and duets, in metal matrices. For twenty years Caruso made records in this country and in Europe, and his total income from this source alone since 1906 is estimated by experts at about $1,500,000.

His funeral was held Friday, August 5, from the royal church of San Francesco di Paola, in Naples.



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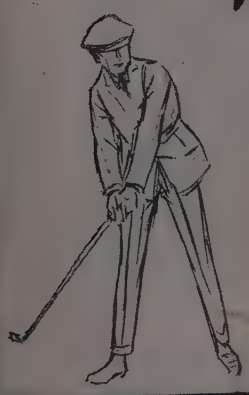

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"LILIOM"

A PLAY BY FRANZ MOLNAR

(Concluded from page 226)

LILIOM: Is that your daughter?

JULIE: Yes. (*Louise comes out, bringing soup*).

LILIOM: You are the daughter?

LOUISE: Yes, sir.

LILIOM: A fine healthy girl. *Liliom questions Julie about her husband.*

JULIE: Why do you ask so many questions? Did you know him, perhaps?

LILIOM: Heaven knows! I've known so many people. Maybe I knew him, too.

JULIE: Well, if you knew him, leave him and us in peace with your questions. He went to America and died there. That's all there is to tell.

LILIOM: All right, all right. Don't be angry with me. I didn't mean any harm. (*There is a pause*). You speak so sternly about your husband.

JULIE: What's that to you? Doesn't it suit you? I speak of my husband any way I like. It's nobody's business but mine.

LILIOM: Certainly, certainly. It's your own business. (*Silence*).

LOUISE: Did you know my father? (*Liliom nods*) Yes, he knew him.

JULIE: You knew Adreas Zavocky?

LILIOM: Liliom? Yes.

LOUISE: Was he really very handsome?

LILIOM: I wouldn't exactly say handsome.

LOUISE: But he was an awfully good man, wasn't he?

LILIOM: He wasn't so good, either—He was something of a bully, too. He'd fight anyone. He even hit your dear little mother.

JULIE: That's a lie.

LILIOM: It's true.

JULIE: Aren't you ashamed to tell the child such awful things about her father? Get out of here, you shameless liar. Eats our soup and our bread and has the impudence to slander our dead!

LILIOM: I didn't mean—I—So he didn't hit you?

JULIE: No, never. He was always good to me. . . . Don't speak to him any more. In God's name, go!

LOUISE: Go, in God's name and let us be! Why are you making those ugly faces?

LILIOM: Don't chase me away, Miss; let me come in for just a minute, just a minute—just long enough to let me show you something pretty, something wonderful. Miss, I've something to give you. (*Takes from his pocket a big red handkerchief in which is wrapped a star from Heaven*).

LOUISE: What's that?

LILIOM: Pst! A star.

JULIE: Don't take anything from him. He's probably stolen it somewhere. In God's name, be off with you!

LOUISE: Yes, be off with you! Be off!

LILIOM: Miss, please, Miss—I've got to do something good—or—do—something good—a good deed—

LOUISE: That's the way out.

LILIOM: Miss—

LOUISE: Get out!

LILIOM: Miss—(*Suddenly slaps her extended hand*).

LOUISE: Mother! (*Liliom bows his head, dismayed*).

JULIE: (*Coming towards them*) What's the matter?

LOUISE: Mother—the man—he hit me on the hand—hard. I heard the sound of it—but it didn't hurt, mother—it didn't hurt—it was like a caress—as if he had just touched my hand tenderly—

JULIE: Go, my child. Go into the house. Go! (*She goes*) Is that what you came for, to strike my child?

LILIOM: No—I didn't come for that, but I did strike her. And now I'm going back.

JULIE: In the name of the Lord Jesus, who are you?

LILIOM: A poor, tired beggar who came a long way and who was hungry. And I took your soup and bread and I struck your child. Are you angry with me?

JULIE: (*Fearfully*) Jesus protect me—I don't understand it—I'm *not* angry—not angry at all.

A CORRECTION

On page 154 of our September issue, appeared the reproduction of a flashlight picture of a scene in "Mr. Pim Passes By," in which the part of Lady Marden was captioned as being played by Janet Scott. The part of Lady Marden was first played in this country by Miss Helen Westley. On the removal of the play to the Henry Miller Theatre, Miss Katherine Stewart succeeded Miss Westley in the part, and when the play returned to the Garrick Theatre in June, Miss Janet Scott took the part. The picture published in the THEATRE MAGAZINE shows Miss Stewart in the part. Miss Stewart is now appearing in "The Love Letter."

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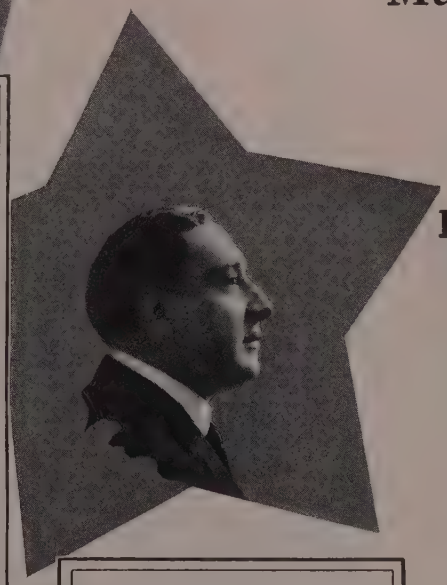

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The Camel and the Vampire

(*Concluded from page 246*)

Observe his joy! Behold his great surprise!
The appetizing sight which greets his eyes!
"A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou—"

(*Hassan and Yasemeen drink, eat and embrace.*)

But hold! The angry Sheyk approaches now!
And so the frightened Lovers, hand in hand,
Continue on their flight across the sand.

(*Hassan and Yasemeen look about fearfully, see Abbas approaching and rush away together.*)

As for the Camel, poor discarded beast,
You'd think him quite cut up, to say the least.
Not so! The faithful creature is not dead,
For see, he's slowly lifting up his head.
He feels his shrunken carcass where 'twas rent
Then looks to see which way his dinner went.

(*The Camel gets up, looks about, then buttons up his skin and goes off after the Lovers.*)

And though he feels a trifle underfed,
He hurries off the way the Lovers fled.

(*Abbas Bey rushes on, followed by Azeezeh. He shakes his fist in the direction of the fleeing Lovers and urges Azeezeh to hurry.*)

Azeezeh seems quite weary of the race;
Her vampish movements so retard her pace.
So angry Abbas hurries on his way
And lets her follow on as best she may.

(*Abbas rushes out, Azeezeh follows slowly, rolling her hips as she walks.*)

(*The Narrator claps his hands and the Property Man shifts the scene.*)

NARRATOR

And now the final scene you shall behold
And watch the complicated plot unfold.
Here in the mighty desert's peaceful calm,
A tiny hut beneath a towering palm,
The habitation of a holy man
Who spends his days perusing the Koran.

(*Hassan and Yasemeen enter.*)

The Lovers now appear all tired and hot,
To beg the priest to wed them on the spot.
The Maiden hears a noise and turns about,
'Tis Abbas Bey approaching without doubt.

(*Abbas rushes in.*)

Hassan now stands at bay, with dagger drawn
And dares the wicked robber to come on.

(*Abbas draws his dagger and rushes at Hassan. They grapple and roll about on the ground. Yasemeen draws back in terror.*)

At last the mighty Robber is on top,
His dagger raised, Hassan is lost—
But stop!

(*The Camel rushes in and arrests the arm of Abbas.*)

The doughty Camel rushes to his aid,
Arrests the wicked Robber's falling blade,
Then, faithful to Hassan through thick and thin,
He sits on Abbas Bey and does him in!

(*The Camel drags Abbas from off Hassan and then sits on his head and kills him.*
Hassan jumps up and runs to Yasemeen.
Suddenly Azeezeh appears, creeps up behind the Lovers and raises her dagger to strike them.)

Take care, take care! There's danger in the wind!
The Vampire now approaches from behind—
With dagger drawn she seeks to slay the twain—

(*The Camel jumps up and catches Azeezeh by the hip.*)

The trusty Camel saves the day again!
He grabs the wily Vampire by the hip
And holds her weak and helpless in his grip.
His hoof is raised, the hussey he'll dispatch—
But no! The beast at last has met his match.
The Vampire writhes and squirms, the Camel sighs
And Dromedary tears bedew his eyes.
Her vampish glance the creature can't withstand—
She leads him captive o'er the desert sand.

(*Azeezeh goes slowly out, leading the Camel by the nose.*
The Camel sighs and registers love.
Hassan and Yasemeen go out with their arms about each others waists.)

The Lovers now deserted by their beast
Go in with happy hearts to greet the priest.

CURTAIN

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THE SCENE IS LAID

(Concluded from page 240)

the statue of the Apollo Belvidere was selected by Clyde Fitch as the scene of one of the "Girl with the Green Eyes."

Here Clyde Fitch was revolting against the monotonously stereotyped succession of afternoon teas, garden-parties, studio-receptions and other occasions for free and easy assembly. He was deliberately seeking to be different and to grace his play with a novel and attractive set. In this pursuit of the unexpected he put one act of the "Stubbornness of Geraldine" on the deck of an ocean steamer, and one act of "Her Great Match" in the fortune-teller's tent of a charity bazaar, thereby gaining the privilege of presenting his heroine in a picturesque gipsy costume. In a third play, the "Climbers," he sent a runaway couple to a little French restaurant overhanging the Bronx, where they were tracked by other persons in the story.

Augustus Thomas took as the scene for one act of the "Other Girl," the back yard of a New York dwelling, arranged as an out-door summer resting-place; and Sir Arthur Pinero took as the scene of one act of his "Letty" the roof of a London house, also made more or less comfortable for warm weather. In another of Pinero's plays, the "Gay Lord Quex," one act passes in the main room of a manicure's establishment; and in Mr. Shaw's "You Never Can Tell," one act passes in the office of a dentist. And Henry Arthur Jones, not to be outdone, took the leading characters of his "Masqueraders" to the astronomical observatory at Nice.

Whether the modern dramatist has to avail himself of the drawing-room while there is dancing in the next room or whether he is at liberty to select a less shopworn spot because he needs to bring together only two or three characters, he must always conceive each of his acts whatever its scene, as a unit, as one of the three or four units which combine to make the play. He plans his plot as a whole and he plans each of its acts as an integral part of this whole. Each act must be complete in itself, and yet proportioned absolutely to the rest of the play. His acts are the blocks with which he builds his towering column, the first act being its base and the last act its capital. Where Shakespeare thought of his play as an uninterrupted story, to be shown in action on the stage with only such intermissions as might be for the convenience of the audience, the modern dramatist has to think in terms of separate acts, each of them adjusted to the place where in its action is to pass. Before he begins to write the dialogue of an act, he has to visualize the set and to see in his mind's eye the movements of his characters in the scenery he has designed for them.

Now, this is a new departure in dramatic art. It is something which does not antedate Lessing. It is something which was first turned to account by the adroit French dramatists of the middle of the nineteenth century. It is something which the dramatists of every other country have gladly taken over from the French. It is something which the French dramatists of the late sixteenth century knew nothing about. In his invaluable outline for a history of French dramatic literature, M. Gustave Lanson makes it clear that the founders of French tragedy, Jodelle, for one and Garnier for another, brought on the stage the characters they needed, not designating any precise locality but leaving it doubtful, "perhaps without even giving it a thought." And while Jodelle and Garnier were doing in France is almost exactly what Marlowe and Kyd were doing in England in those same years. For reasons of his own, Moliére departed from the practise of Jodelle and Garnier, while Shakespeare also for reasons of his own conformed to that of Kyd and Marlowe.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

Sibella's "Villanella" is a dainty number which Lucrezia Bori has contributed to the list of new Victor Records. The melody is swift and vivacious, with little cooing interludes, the singer using a delicate rubato and treating the whole in a pure spirit of caprice.

In "Farewell, My Joyous Home," Frances Alda has the type of composition in which she rejoices, and her Victor Record of this number is marked by intense emotional power as well as singing technique. It is a beautiful though sad song from Catalini's opera "La Wally."

The exquisite bit of music which Fritz Kreisler records for the Victor this month is an altogether lovely and poetic composition already known to the greater part of the music-loving world. Drdla's "Souvenir" is both sweet and sad. The violin tells its own story, and the tonality of the record as well as its fluctuant sensitiveness of expression bespeak the power of the great master who is playing.

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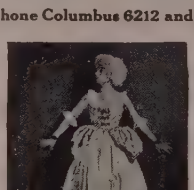

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When the students returned in the fall, they found their beloved Little Theatre completely reconstructed; a rebuilt stage had been equipped with every modern detail in electricity. The first two months, the class in dramatic expression dreamed of tones and values and painting in light, and the first little plays of the season were a revelation in the possibilities of atmosphere and effects, developing the new-born enthusiasm until, by the time set for the annual Shakespearean production, there was sufficient material on hand for two complete casts.

THEN out of the East came a maker of fairies, Mr. Dugald Stewart Walker, well known as a writer and illustrator and as a producer and designer. He took over the stage effects of "The Merchant of Venice," and wrought miracles with fishnet, cheese cloth, pasteboard, and paint. His courtroom set was as fine as a Maxfield Parrish picture, which it strongly suggested, and seldom has it been possible for Lorenzo to say with more perfect truth "how sweet the moonlight sleeps upon the bank."

The sympathetic direction of Mrs. Anna McClain Sankey, combined with these exquisite stage effects to make the performance of "The Merchant" a memorable one. All the rôles were played by girls, a fact quite forgotten in the virile, characterful presentations. Alan Dale's dictum that the humor of Shakespeare, in the Shakespeare number of "The Theatre" is dead, found an excellent refutation in the continued laughter that followed the Launcelot of the play.

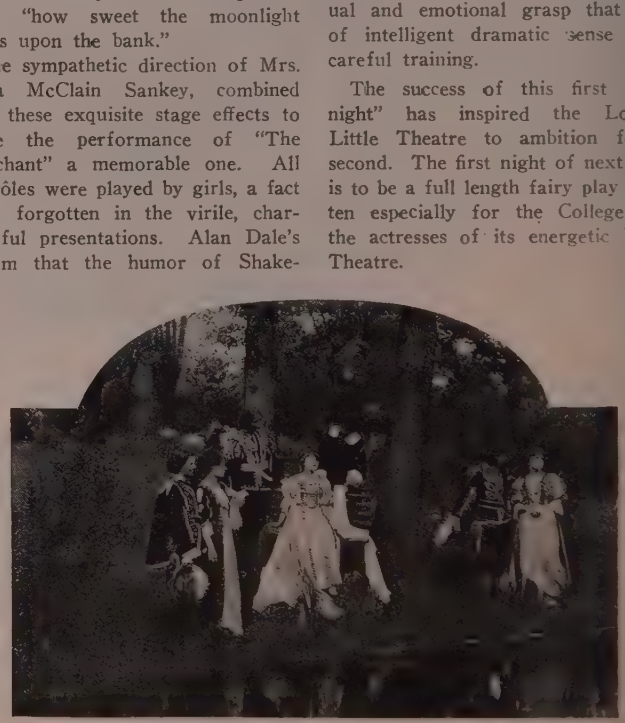
For a month the Little Theatre hummed. Under the direction of Mr. Walker, everyone turned costume maker or wielded hammer and paintbrush on the new stage sets.

THE plays chosen were by Mr. Daniel A. Lord, director of dramatics in St. Louis University and producer of the University's Centennial Pageant, "Alma Mater." "Rainbow Gold" was a whimsey built around the famous pot at the rainbow's end; "The Sight of the Blind," a poetically retold legend of St. Brigid who gave and took away sight with a kiss. The plays offered a variety of characterization and delicate opportunities for costuming and staging.

MR. WALKER'S costumes were fairy dreams made real and worn with exquisite grace by the actresses. A critic wrote of them: "The costumes were quite wonderful both in design and color and the response to the light was delight." Frequently the lines were interrupted by spontaneous applause evoked by costumes and settings.

Mrs. Sankey and her company recreated the fairy spirit of one of the plays and the reverent spirit of the other. The cast conducted themselves with a sureness and intellectual and emotional grasp that told of intelligent dramatic sense and careful training.

The success of this first "first night" has inspired the Loretto Little Theatre to ambition for a second. The first night of next year is to be a full length fairy play written especially for the College and the actresses of its energetic Little Theatre.



"The Merchant of Venice," as given at Loretto College, Webster Groves, St. Louis

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page 236*)

The finest performance is given by Elizabeth Risdon who scores in a hysterical scene which she does with a *finesse* worthy of our greatest emotional actress.

The one stage setting of the play is rich and massive, without being over-elaborate. The producer is Max Marcin, one of the authors, of whom the other is Guy Bolton. And to the latter is probably due the responsibility for the suspicion of musical comedy method which crops out now and then in "The Nightcap."

FORTY-EIGHTH STREET. "SONYA." Romantic play in 3 acts, adapted from the Polish by Eugene Thomas Wyckoff. Produced August 15 with this cast:

Peter	Charlson Smith
Jakov	Jay Fassett
Prince Paul	Edward Emery
Count Victor Dukas	France Bendtsen
Prince Michael	William H. Thompson
Prince Alexander	Otto Kruger
Sonya	Violet Heming
King Stefan	Joseph Macauley
Court Chamberlain	Rexford Kendrick
Ambassador of Romatia	Wallis Robeerts

IT would be pleasant to be able to say something in praise of this piece, one of Marc Klaw's initial efforts as an independent producer, but the bald truth compels the statement that it is sorry stuff. Heralded as a work of importance, something that had caused a sensation in Europe, it proved to be incredibly amateurish—romantic drama with the old-fashioned, threadbare Prince-in-love-with-a-peasant plot—unconceivably crude material to set before a sophisticated Broadway audience.

As nursery drama it may be entitled to a place in the theatrical sun. A few undiscriminating children might enjoy its hectic plot, dealing as it does with nursery characters, but lacking the Barrie whimsicality, it isn't quite the fairy-story type of play which might hold the interest of adults. A young prince engages a Russian ballet dancer to teach him trapeze work; he later discovers the supposed boy is really a girl, though why he did not discern this, right at the start, is a mystery, for her disguise was thin. He falls in love with her. A stern uncle opposes the match; a drunken cousin tries to outrage her; the aged King dies in a ridiculously silly scene. Sonya prays in the presence of the stern uncle and he promptly says, "Bless you my children," and they all live happy ever after.

There is much saccharine love-talk in the dialogue, and much maudlin sentimentality. The costuming is elaborate, but even kingly raiment fails to give distinction to Otto Kruger's somewhat fustian king, or assist in the slightest the other pseudo-aristocrats of the play.

BIJOU. "MARCH HARES." Comedy in 3 acts by Harry Wagstaff Gribble. Produced Aug. 15 with this cast:

Ethel	Gertrude Purcell
Mrs. Janet Rodney	Lucile Watson
Edgar Fuller	Brandon Peters
Geoffrey Wareham	Alexander Onslow
Oliver	Charles Warburton
Janet Rodney	Adrienne Morrison
Claudia Kitts	Norma Mitchell
The Cook	Nellie Griffen
Mr. Brown	Frank Dekum

NOT all of those who see this play will like it. It is not for the phlegmatic person, nor for him who settles back in his seat as if to say, "now amuse me if you can." But to those who understand temperament or who are able to recognize its ebullitions and its vagaries, "March Hares" offers good entertainment.

Although its scene is laid in a house near New York City, where a number of temperamental people are week-ending, it has a distinctly English flavor. Possibly this is because its keen satire, its wit, and the smartness of its lines remind one so frequently of the work of Oscar Wilde and W. S. Gilbert. Possibly, also, on account of the presence in the cast of Alexander Onslow in the chief male rôle. He gives an exhibition of temperament which is robust, explosive, and continuous, and he bounds through the play at a whirlwind speed that keeps one breathless. In the scene where he plays the piano while talking to his friend, he is inimitable. The friend is played with a fine discernment of the value of contrast by Brandon Peters.

Lucile Watson, as Mrs. Janet Rodney, the hostess to all the temperamental people, of whom her own daughter is one, is a constant joy. She understands temperament and knows just the kind and quantity of oil to pour on its troubled waters. Adrienne Morrison as the daughter and Norma Mitchell as her "affinity," with several others, complete a satisfactory cast.

LONGACRE. "NOBODY'S MONEY." Comedy in 3 acts by William B. Baron. Produced Aug. 17 with the cast:

Mrs. Judson	Helen Lowell
An Expressman	Dan Day
Francis Carey	Frederick Raymond, Jr.
Carl Russell	Robert Strange
Helen Carey	Jean Robertson
A Federal Agent	Joseph P. Murphy
Grace Kendall	Regina Wallace
John W. Hamilton	Wallace Eddinger
Eddie Maloney	Will Deming
Annette Riley	Shirley De Mer
Henry Kendall	Howard Gould
Bertram Miller	Phillip Lord
George Kelly	William J. Brady

DUE largely to the efforts of Wallace Eddinger and Will Deming, "Nobody's Money" provid

(*Continued on page 279*)

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HOW TO WRITE A PLAY

(*Concluded from page 212*)

prospect for the heroine. Hence the idea of making him the boy's uncle. Throughout I had to keep in mind the necessary ingredients of suspense and conflict. Tell any young playwright for me that unless his work includes those two things it's *useless*.

"Once the working scenario of the entire play is done, I prepare a scene scenario, that is, an exact exposition of how the play will progress in relation to its characters and their dialogue, entrances and exits. That done, the easiest part of all for me is entered upon,—the writing of the dialogue. That comes very swiftly and is much aided by the knowledge of the characters that I have obtained by working with them for a long time in preparing the scenarios. I should say that writing a play before a complete scenario is done—simply by delving right into the dialogue would be an incredibly difficult, if not impossible, task if anything producable is expected to emanate out of the result. I find I have very little revision to do in the matter of dialogue.

"How about a few *do's* for your would-be rivals in their charge on the box-office?"

"It isn't a very long list," he began, "First and most important, perhaps, get an interesting theme. Make an interesting story that doesn't let down until the very end. Fill the play full of whatever it's supposed to have—comedy—drama—tragedy—give the money's worth I mentioned a while ago. Get characters that the usual person wouldn't mind knowing in his own life, wouldn't be bored by,—and make them just as few as possible,—all you need for your plot and no more. Keep your sense of humor. Avoid filling your play with your pet theories on life and other things,—they may interest you, but they wouldn't interest Broadway. Make your people talk like human beings, and behave like human beings—all the time. Work hard and put into what your doing the very best you have. Er—will you have a cigarette?"

"You see," he added, as he held a match for me, "I really know darn little about it. I'm going to start writing fiction very soon. Now *there's* something— . . . ."

SHAKESPEARE UP TO DATE

(*Concluded from page 238*)

made the other night during the performance—"Lady, shall I lie in your lap? . . ."

HAMLET: I was only your fiancé at that time!

OPHELIA: So much the worse! I warn you, it will lead to a bad end! You have been accustomed, as a student, to joke with grisettes! This is different society! Pray be more decent, sit in a seat, and don't wallow on the floor, as is your habit!

HAMLET: I am not going to the performance!

OPHELIA: Yes, you will! By your behavior you vex the Queen, your mother, trouble your uncle, sicken my father, and make my brother blush for you! You are a laughing stock for Rosenkrantz, Guildenstern, and Osric. Even the lowest of the grave-diggers takes you for a fool! You *will* attend the performance and the ball, which the King gives on St. Valentine's Day, to celebrate the arrival of Fortinbras. You must attend, and behave yourself decently, in order to dissipate these rumors! You will be present at the King's ball . . .

HAMLET: (*Shrugging his shoulders*). What's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?

OPHELIA: I wasn't speaking to you about Hecuba, but about the King's ball. You have got to be there!

HAMLET: Performances! Ball! Feasts at Elsinore! "The funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage table."

OPHELIA: Philosophize as much as you want to, but kindly hand over the money for the dress! I don't want to flaunt through my whole life in this little white gown! It's up to you, if you like to roam around always in black like a funeral mourner, but with me it's different! The money for the dress and the flowers! You know how I love flowers! The money—quick!

HAMLET: (*With a sigh, taking out his billbook*). "Frailty thy name is woman!"

OPHELIA: (*Taking the money*). And you dare to speak about women! Woman yourself! Crazy old woman! (*Goes out*).

HAMLET: If one never drank before he would learn to drink in Denmark. (*Perceiving Horatio, just entering*). There are many things on earth, Horatio, which a clever man should not do; for instance, marry! Isn't that so?

HORATIO: You are absolutely right, Prince!

HAMLET: She thinks she can play on my soul like on a piano. Let's drown our sorrows, friend Horatio! Let's have a drink!

HORATIO: Let's have, Prince.

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The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

WE ARE going to give you a little beauty suggestion, ladies. It is that you make a habit of studying beautiful women, pretty women, good-looking women. Go to see them on the stage, on the screen. Study them wherever you happen to find them, in society, in restaurants. Don't be envious of beauty, or only as envy is the sincerest form of flattery. Study to see what charm each woman may possess that you have not, and see if you can't acquire it too.

Personally we find that simply being around where beauty is is most exhilarating. If success succeeds, so beauty to our notion, beautifies. It gets stamped on the retina of the eye, penetrates back into the brain and from thence, by well-known psychological processes, flows forth to permeate the whole body.

Such a physically stimulating effect has beauty on us, in fact, that we are always firmly convinced we have taken on certain resemblances of the stage beauty we have last been with for any length of time. If it is Olive Tell we are certain that our eyes have increased in size and in blue limpidity. If it is Catherine Calvert, that our skin is as white and our mouth as warm and red as hers. And so on. . .

Therefore we had most enchanting times last week while and after being with Mme. Marguerite Sylva, the operatic star, who recently made her speaking-stage début in "The Skylark." We lived for the rest of the day in a heavenly state of mirage, where we imagined ourselves to be enchanting all beholders with a dazzling, white smile. If you have followed our thought, even should you never have seen Madame Sylva, you know that such a smile belongs to her.

Mme. Sylva is a beautiful creature her beauty of an unusual order. Seldom one sees a like combination of dark, velvety eyes, chestnut hair, and fair skin. And the final touch is this radiant smile. It is a wide smile, showing both upper and lower teeth, every tooth of unblemished surface, and the whole of most dazzling white, and evenest alignment. A smile, in short, to make history. Helen of Troy might have had such teeth!

For though we are not denying there are other subtle elements that enter into the perfect smile—the merry heart, the lifting of a winged eyebrow, the co-operation of the eyes, all of which Mme. Sylva happens to have too—the chief ingredient you must admit are the teeth. You could have all those other things and not get far, if your teeth are imperfect, discolored, artificial.

A smile is something to be worked on as a beauty asset. If you are still young there is every chance for you to acquire it. If you have neglected it so far, turn to, at once, to save what you may. As to warnings about going to the dentist, that is obvious. There we can't help you. As to suggesting an excellent as well as inexpensive dentifrice, there we can.

It is claimed for this dentifrice—a tooth-paste—that its users see results that no other tooth-paste brings. For it incorporates a new principle, "an efficient film combatant." And it is the film-coat that discolors, that is the basis of tartar, that holds fermenting food substances against the teeth to cause decay, that breeds germs. The ordinary tooth-paste does not clear away this film. A soapy one even increases it. But this modern paste contains ingredients that keep the teeth so highly polished that the film cannot easily adhere. Result: glistening white teeth. You have probably seen the name of this tooth-paste, you may even be a user of it already, as it is widely known. On the other hand, you may be very much missing something invaluable for want of having it called to your attention.

(For the name of this excellent tooth-paste write The Vanity Box, Care The Theatre Magazine, 6 East 39th Street, New York City.)

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We are glad to inform our readers of the return to the pre-war price of *Theatre Magazine*—35c per single copy. The change takes effect with this issue. Tell the good news to your friends.

"The Theatre's" Letter Box

The Editor invites correspondence from readers on any topics of general interest connected with the drama. Letters should be brief and written on one side of the paper only.

Better Late Than Never

To the Editor of the THEATRE:

Pardon my imposing upon your time, but I am actuated by a desire, not for a correction in the THEATRE MAGAZINE, but to set you right personally. You say that the Hall of Fame was so tardy in giving Poe the honor due him that "perhaps we may be pardoned for believing he was never to be included among the Immortals."

The first elections to the Hall of Fame were held in 1900. Poe was chosen at the third balloting, held in 1910. The installing of a tablet only a few weeks ago was a mere formality. The delay in installing the Poe tablet was in no sense a slight upon Poe. Poe was one of twenty-six elected to the Hall of Fame in the voting of 1910, 1915 and 1920, tablets to none of whom were unveiled until the ceremony of this month.

Very sincerely,
WOODMAN MORRISON.

Genius is seldom recognized during life time—often not for long after death. Euripides was driven out of Athens; Galileo narrowly escaped an Auto-da-Fe; Voltaire was denied burial by the Church, only later to be given the honors of the Pantheon; The French Academy refused the distinction of membership to Emile Zola. Poe, perhaps, was kept waiting for recognition longest of all. He died in 1849, but it was not until 1910 that New York University saw any reason to accord him an honor long overdue.—Editor.

Protest from a G. B. S. Fan

To the Editor of the THEATRE:

As a constant and fair-minded reader of the THEATRE, and a lover of the drama, I was first shocked, then amused at the disgustingly vituperative attack on G. B. Shaw by C. H. Meltzer. Far from being an apologist for the Irish playwright, yet I fail to perceive where he has proven anything with his biased and unsubstantiated statements.

In a great number of words, Mr. Meltzer has illuminatingly informed us that he detests Shaw for his attacks on society and "sacred things," and for his unplaylike plays. Mr. Meltzer might have added, "Down with all philosophers! Burn their works (particularly of those radical and destructive gentlemen who have the temerity to attack the ills of society in a humorous and cynical manner)."

Then again, if the upright and outraged gentleman is particularly bored and agitated by a Shaw play, why not view, instead, such dramatically perfect plays as Willard Mack and Avery Hopwood turn out?

Yours truly,
IRVING KNAPP.

Mr. Meltzer's article was not an attack on Mr. Shaw. The writer merely tried to show that the Irish dramatist spends all his energy tearing down the social structure, the while contributing nothing to building up a saner and better one. Shaw is like a doctor who, consulted in a desperate case, is positive disease present, but hasn't the faintest noti how to cure it.—Editor.

Youth Slips By While Training

To the Editor of the THEATRE:

I am a young woman who h always been interested in drama work, and the stage has always be my ambition. But when I saw ho little many actors knew, aside fro the lines they had learned, I decid that unless I could be a culture highly educated actress, I could n give out the kind of message I d sired.

So I went to College, specializi in literature. Later I took ma literary courses. I went to a scho of expression and finished there. A this time I took advantage of eve opportunity to take part in amate plays, and have over and over aga been assigned the leading part such performances. Now I f equipped for the stage.

I am thirty-two years old, but lo much younger. Is it too late for to begin a stage career—if I willing to work, work, work?

F. B
Pasadena, Calif.

Anyone who have persevered long as you have certainly deser to succeed. It is, however, very d cult for a person of unknown abi to get a foothold on the stage a of course, your age—especially no adays, when stars are made to twin in their early twenties—handicaps still more. Why not consider so less precarious career?—Editor.

A Letter from Mary Stuart

Dear Mr. Editor:

You seem to be one of the critics who see the written line the same time that they hear spoken one. So that it makes very proud to think I am of th whose work you admire.

Most cordially your
CLARE EAME
New York City.

Reviewing Miss Eames' perfo ance of Mary Stuart in John Dr water's drama of that name, s critics complained that the act was too cold in the love scene Bothwell. The THEATRE'S revie in regard to this criticism, said

"A queen does not throw her incontinently about like a war Beware of smouldering fires! D snows which cover Fuji give hint of the volcano that rages neath? Besides, has not the dra tist himself set the limit? The reads: 'I am wiser than my bl A conscientious artist does not to improve on the author." It this that Miss Eames alludes.—Ed

Enjoyed the Article on G. B.

To the Editor of the THEATRE:

Last month's THEATRE was a —with such a splendid article George Bernard Shaw, and o equally interesting. Such readi always enjoyable.

M. A.
New York City.

R. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Concluded from page 274)

airly amusing evening at the gacre. William Le Baron started with a first-rate idea, but he not developed it in a first-rate ier.

tired business man, seeking rest, ation and adventure, decides to burgling, and engages a pro- onal crook to teach him the ic of the trade. Posing as a agent, he starts out to get the of the land; and in the first e he enters he meets two authors are in a dilemma. In order crease their revenue and evade regular publishers to whom are bound by contract, they are a nom de plume, and said de plume's writings have won greater success than their own. umstances make it imperative oduce the new writer in person, the amateur burgler is persuaded undertake the impersonation. g a resourceful person, he en- s the crook as his secretary, and two go through one adventure another with amazing ease and lity.

allace Eddinger takes advantage ll the opportunities afforded him wins a goodly share of the eve- s honors. Were he, however, expert, he would have to yield place to Will Deming, who as crook, constantly spouting apt ations from the plays learned in er stock company days, is a joy. ederick Raymond, Jr., and rt Strange as the two authors prominent in a competent cast h also includes Helen Lowell, Robertson, Regina Wallace and s.

HE IDLERS OF 1921." The Pro- me of this entertainment reads: Lambs." This certainly does ean "All Wool." If this show criterion of what the Lambs do, give me the Wolves—a eville show in any horsetown rtainly better, and outside of . Lupjiju, who did some clever tricks in a refined way, the said the better.

NTURY PROMENADE. MIMIC WORLD." Revue in 2 Music by Jean Schwartz, Lew ck and Owen Murphy; book lyrics by Harold Atteridge, s Hussey and Owen Purphy. uced Aug. 17 with these prin- :

my Hussey, Moran and Wiser, Frank st, Eddie Hickey, Miriam Miller, gie Brown, Ruth Hazelton, Gene mont, Brendel and Bert, Clarence vey, Gladys James, Beth Stanley, nk Masters, Elizabeth Morgan, Helen dova, Jimmy Kirk, Mae West, Cliff vards, Lou Edwards, Marjorie Car- e, Evelyn Martin.

THE broad roof of the Century Theatre, so long the home of hilarious midnight shows, has been transformed this season into a real theatre.

The first entertainment under the new régime was a revue entitled, "The Mimic World." This is the typical summer show, no better, no worse, with girls and costumes, songs and dancing. The comedy is nothing to laugh at, but it helps to keep the audience in good humor, and, while the bill provided is far from Broadway at its best, it may serve to pass an idle evening.

HENRY MILLER'S. "THE SCARLET MAN." Farce comedy in 3 acts by William Le Baron. Produced Aug. 22 with this cast:

Daniel G. Talbot	William Morris
Margaret	Beatrice Tremaine
Mrs. Talbot	Olive May
Helen Clarke	Patricia Morris
Wilbur Lawrence	John Cumberland
Mrs. Delafield	Alice Putnam
Mary Talbot	Frances Carson
Richard Talbot	Don Burroughs
Jackson	John Gray

AS in the case of this author's other play, "Nobody's Money," we have a fairly good idea to start with. It is that the man, instead of the woman, is the one who sometimes has to pay and pay for having been in a compromising situation.

Rather an artificial idea, but it might serve as the basis of a play, were it not that in the working out one is expected to accept without question incredible things. There are several incidents in the scant two-hours' duration of "The Scarlet Man," which are impossible to believe.

Such, for instance, as when a father, hearing that a hint of scandal is connected with his son's sweetheart, at once breaks off their engagement and orders the girl out of the house—the son accepting the situation without a word of protest. This is only one of the several unbelievable things that the same father and son do.

In spite of all this, however, there are a number of amusing moments during the course of the evening. They are as much due to the ability of the members of the cast as they are to Mr. Le Baron. John Cumberland is quite at home in a part that might have been written for him. There is slight variation only from his work in the bedroom and Turkish bath farces with which he has been identified; but there is real entertainment in his handling of the burlesque scenes of the last act. The other members of the cast struggle with more or less success in making at all plausible the artificial characters they are called upon to interpret.

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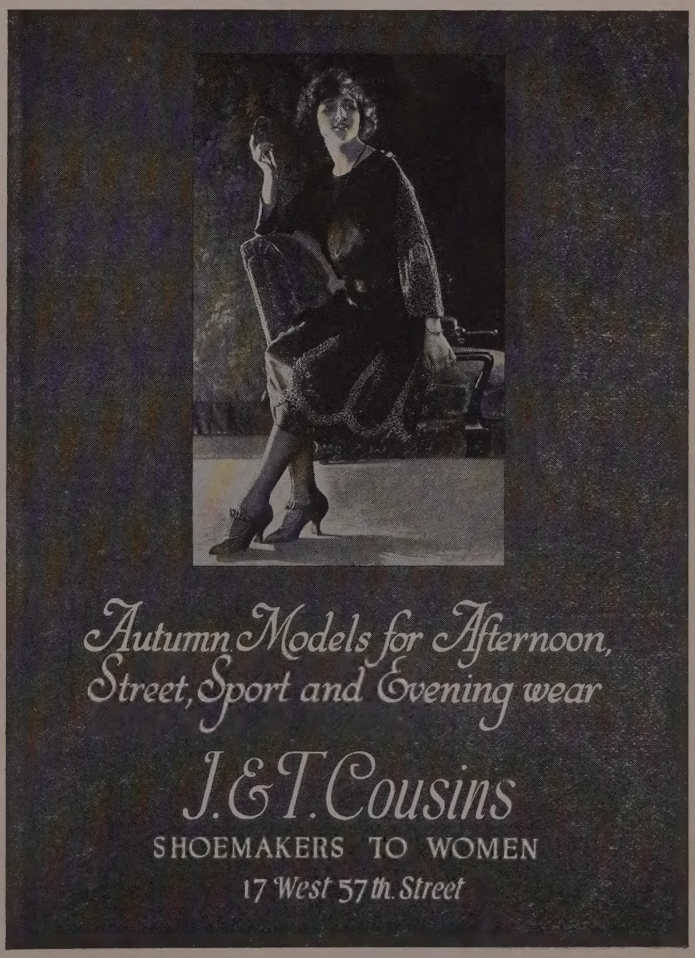
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Another Big Feature

Clare Sheridan's American Diary

THE clever diary, from the time of Samuel Pepys to Margot Asquith has always attracted the largest share of human attention. To come into close contact with remarkable people, with the leaders of society and government, is an experience granted to comparatively few; but of these few, literally not one in a thousand has the gift of reporting what he or she has seen. Mrs. Clare Sheridan, as an observer and diarist, is one of the elect. Her book, "Mayfair to Moscow," proved this to an astonished and highly diverted public, some of whom did not know whether to be shocked or delighted by her engaging narrative of her trip from England to Moscow with Kamenev, her life in the Guest House under the rule of the Bolshevik commissars, her portraits of Lenine, Trotzky and others, whom she sculped in enduring busts, the while she made mental notes of every eccentricity and personal trait they possessed.

"Close-ups" of American Leaders

Now, Clare Sheridan, after visits in New York, Pittsburgh, Washington and finally Mexico City, writes for METROPOLITAN her impressions of the people she met on this side of the Atlantic. A woman of society in England, a cousin of Winston Churchill, the English statesman, she stepped easily into the higher social circles in America. *With just the right amount of frankness, sparing no detail, she describes her visits into the homes of the Vanderbilts, the Whitneys, the Otto Kahns, the Morgans, and her adventures in Washington society. What Clare Sheridan makes of New York life is worth knowing because it satisfies our curiosity about the metropolis of America.*

Beginning with the memoirs of Joseph Pulitzer, which were followed by the autobiography of Anna Howard Shaw, then the life of Maria Botchkareva, Raymond Robins' Story, and finally the memoirs of Margot Asquith, the METROPOLITAN has presented within the last few years a brilliant and sparkling list of intimate memoirs of world interest. Clare Sheridan's American diary is a worthy successor to those which have gone before.

In announcing this feature, beginning in October METROPOLITAN, out September 15th, the METROPOLITAN offers a magazine story which no one who keeps in the current of the affairs of the day can afford to miss. 25cts. at your newsstand, or send us $3.00 for a year's subscription.

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READERS WANT TO KNOW

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Prices of back numbers will be quoted by mail, on request. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored

WILL you kindly tell me what Brandon Tynan is doing now? —C. M. E., Oakland, Calif.

The last we heard of Brandon Tynan was in May, when he was playing in "The Tyranny of Love," at the Cort Theatre in New York, under the management of Henry Baron.

IN what number of THE THEATRE *did you publish pictures from the play, "Enter Madame." Is it possible to get a copy of that number?—V. B. F., Redding Ridge, Conn.*

November, 1920. Copies may be ordered from this office, price 40c.

WHO were in the cast of "The Man Who Came Back," in which Henry Hull played last year? —R. S. Clayton, Ohio.

"The Man Who Came Back" was produced not last year, but five years ago. The cast was as follows: Thomas Potter, Edward Emery; Henry Potter, Henry Hull; Charles Reisling, Wright Kramer; Captain Trevelan, Ernest Lawford; Mrs. Gaynes, Charlotte Granville; Marcelle, Mary Nash; Olive, Maude Campbell; Captain Gallon, Leighton Stark; Gibson, J. Irving White; Griggs, Richard Clarke; Sam Shen Sing, Nick Long; Binksie, Bennett Southard; Waiter, Henry Davies; Two Girls, Louise Coleman and Juliet Fremont; A Jap, Leonard Brooke.

WILL you please publish a brief sketch of the career of Marguerite Clark?—L. S. B., New York City.

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, February 22, 1887. Educated at Brown County Convent, Ohio. First stage appearance at Baltimore in 1899, under management of Milton Aborn in light opera chorus. Came to New York as understudy in "The Belle of Bohemia." In 1903 she first sang with De Wolf Hopper in "Mr. Pickwick." She appeared later that year in "The Babes in Toyland," and the following year toured with Mr. Hopper in "Wang" and "Happyland," possibly the greatest success of her career. Some of the plays in which she has since appeared are: "The Pied Piper," "The Beauty Spot," "The Wishing Ring," "King of Cadonia," "Jim, the Penman," "Baby Mine," "Merely Mary Ann," "Baby Doll," "Lights o' London," "The Affairs of Anatol," "Snow White," "Prunella." For a number of years Miss Clark has devoted her time to motion pictures.

WHEN was "Cappy Ricks" p duced in New York? Did publish pictures and review of play, and in what issues?—C. M. Minneapolis, Minn.

"Cappy Ricks" was first produ in New York on January 13, 1 A picture and review of the were published in our March i of that year.

CAN you tell me in what p Walter Hampden has appear —R. U. B., Auburn, R. I.

Walter Hampden's first stage perience was with F. R. Bens stock company at Brighton, Engl and during the three years he with Benson, he played seventy parts in Shakespeare and old comedies. Since then he has peared in "The Prayer of Sword," "Measure for Measu "A Midsummer Night's Drea "Aglavaine and Selysette," "Ham "Romeo and Juliet," "The S Commandment," "The Christi "The Servant in the House," Winterfeast," "The Comte Coquette," "The Master Build "A Doll's House," "Irene Wyc ley," "The City," "Hyppolyt "Blackmail," "The Indiscretion Truth," "Cheer Up," "Macbe "The Merchant of Venice," Taming of the Shrew." Howe this is by no means a complete of all the plays in which Mr. Ha den has appeared.

PLEASE give a short sketch William Faversham's career, the cast of his production "Richelieu."—J. O. C., Lewi Maine.

William Faversham was bor London, February 12, 1868. He educated at Chigwell Gram School and Hillmartin College for a time served in the Yeom Cavalry Regiment. First stage pearance at the Vaudeville The London, November 19, 1885, in tained for the Defence." Cam America the following year and appeared in New York at U Square Theatre in January, 188 "Pen and Ink." Next seen in Highest Bidder," "A Sad Coque "The Wife"; supported Mrs. in "Featherbrain" and "S Lavendar.

There is no record of of Faversham's ever having appe in "Richelieu."

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